

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1865.

MARY LYON.

BY MISS ELLEN H. WARNER.

UPON the lives of the truly great and good we may often reflect with great profit. Among the innumerable company of those who have passed on before us to the eternal world are some who, while on their journey thither through this dark world of care and sorrow, so illumined the sphere in which they moved as to inspire us with wonder and admiration on beholding the beautiful scenes which a review of their lives presents to us. The memory of such will ever be most fondly cherished; their influence still continues, and will forever continue, to bless humanity. In them we see Christianity practically exhibited, and are thus irresistibly convinced of its truth and power; but this is not all, for as we meditate upon their virtues and the good they accomplish here, new and earnest desires to acquire like attainments and make our lives useful are awakened within us, which desires, if properly regarded, will invariably tend to increase our diligence in the pursuit of that which is pure and good.

Mary Lyon occupies a high position among those who, although they have passed from earth away, have left behind them a living record of their good deeds in the influence which they, while living, exerted upon the minds of others. The life and character of this noble Christian woman not only deserve our highest esteem, but are equally worthy our careful imitation. I think there are none who would not themselves be greatly benefited, besides becoming more useful to others, by endeavoring to conform their lives to the model which the life of this eminently pious lady exhibits.

A brief account of one so exalted in character.

ter, and who accomplished so much for the good of others, may not be uninteresting.

Mary Lyon was born in Buckland, Franklin county, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797. She was blessed with Christian parents, who considered it their duty to train up their children to walk in the path of truth and virtue. She was the fifth of seven children. Her youthful days were not spent in luxurious idleness nor without useful employment; for, though her parents possessed a moderate supply of this world's goods, they found it necessary to practice industry and economy in order to provide for the numerous wants of their large family.

After the death of her father, which occurred when she was five years of age, the family were obliged to depend mostly upon their own exertions for their support. It is very probable that this circumstance connected with her early history, instead of being an injury to her, served only to make her preparation for the important station which she was destined to occupy more perfect than it otherwise would have been.

She has left on record a pleasing account of her childhood's home, written years after leaving her mother's roof to engage in her life-work. It shows that amid all her cares and labors she still retained a fond remembrance of her youthful associations, and especially that she cherished a high and tender regard for her parents, particularly for her mother.

Her powers of mind were truly remarkable, and she was early noticed for her rapid progress in intellectual pursuits. One of her teachers said, "I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college." In early childhood she enjoyed but few educational advantages, except such as were afforded her at home; but being one of the youngest of an intelligent family, she probably received some valuable instructions from the older mem-

bers. She possessed a good memory; but what was of still greater value, her power of understanding was such as enabled her readily to grasp the thought conveyed by the words which her wonderful memory treasured up. Though she possessed a mind of uncommon strength and activity, yet she did not think that because nature had endowed her with such rare powers there was nothing left for her to do. She did not make the sad mistake that many do who are blessed with great natural abilities by supposing that unaided genius is all-sufficient, for she regarded perseverance and diligent application as requisite qualifications when any thing great or good was to be accomplished. In her we have a striking illustration of the good results which follow a combination of the two elements—genius and application.

When twenty years of age she attended school at an academy in Ashfield, about five miles from home. Here she astonished both her teachers and fellow-students by her rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. One remarked of her at this time, "She is all intellect; she does not know that she has a body to care for." In all the academy none were found capable of keeping up with her in the recitations. Her teachers gave her one study after another in addition to her regular lessons, in order, if possible, to keep her within reciting distance of her class-mates, but all their efforts proved unsuccessful, for the more she exercised her mind the more labor it seemed capable of performing. Her desire for knowledge was most intense, as was manifest from the eagerness and fidelity with which she pursued her studies.

Her superior powers of mind were accompanied by what is truly pleasing and commendable—a spirit of true humility and an unassuming manner. A little incident connected with her school-life serves as an illustration of this. When taking lessons in penmanship her teacher wrote her copy in Latin, but she handed it back, requesting him to write it in English, saying that she feared those who might review her book would be led to think her *wiser than she was*. She never sought to make a display of her wisdom, but on the contrary always carefully avoided every thing that would make her *appear* better or wiser than she really was; she chose rather to stand on her own merits. It is said of her, "She was naturally unostentatious, willing to be taught, thankful for favors in any form, but especially for those relating to the mind."

In 1821 she attended school at Byfield. Miss Amanda White, who afterward became a missionary, was her room-mate there. This young lady, in a letter written at that place, says: "Mary sends love to all, but time with her is too precious to spend it in writing letters. She is gaining knowledge by handfuls."

It was in this school, which was then under the superintendence of Rev. Joseph Emerson, that her religious life and character first began to be developed. Hitherto she had given almost undivided attention to the intellect, neglecting to a certain extent her spiritual interests; but this good man taught her that both should receive due consideration, and now, awakened to a deep sense of the importance of *heart* cultivation, she engaged with earnestness and zeal in this great work; and her efforts to acquire a knowledge of the truth and the will of God were attended with even more marked success than crowned those which she before had made in the pursuit of earthly wisdom alone. It should not be understood, however, that attention to religious subjects destroyed her love for intellectual pursuits, or even caused her to undervalue them in the least. Instead of producing this effect, it doubtless led her to appreciate more fully than ever the value of mental attainments, and to realize the pleasure derived from a proper improvement of them. The memory of her teacher, Mr. Emerson, she ever cherished with feelings of the warmest gratitude, and was often heard to speak of him in the highest terms.

Good scholars generally make good teachers; hence, as was to be expected, Miss Lyon's services as an instructor were soon eagerly sought. In the Fall of 1821 she returned to Ashfield for the purpose of teaching in the school where she had formerly received instruction; but she was permitted to remain there only a short time, for she soon received an invitation to assist Miss Grant in the Adams Female Academy at Londonderry, in New Hampshire. At first she was at a loss how to decide, but she committed the case to God; and after due deliberation, in which she consulted not her own personal advantage or pleasure, but the best interest of those who were to be influenced by her decision, she concluded to go. The school at Londonderry did not continue during the Winter; so Miss Lyon spent this season at home in Buckland.

The services of the truly wise and good are usually in demand wherever they may be. Such seldom spend many idle moments. In a world like this, where calls for the assistance of

those who are capable of rendering it, are so many and so loud they find little time to rest. This was Mary Lyon's experience. Wherever her lot was cast she found ways to make herself useful. She passed her Winter vacations at her mother's home in teaching a class of young ladies, most of whom either had been or contemplated becoming teachers in the common schools. At first this school consisted of only twenty-five pupils, but each year added both to its numbers and importance. The last term she spent there it numbered nearly one hundred pupils. So highly were her instructions valued that it was thought desirable to establish there a permanent school of high grade and secure her services as principal. Some efforts were made to accomplish this purpose; but it seems that God had a greater work for her to perform. Though her field of usefulness in this school was less extensive than that which she was afterward called to occupy, her influence even here was like good seed sown on fertile soil, and no doubt is now bearing fruit an hundred-fold. She was strongly attached to this Winter school, and she spared no pains to make it eminently useful to those whose high privilege it was to enjoy her instructions. In after years she said, "How I used to enjoy my labors in the western part of the State, and how hard it was to break away from that beloved spot! I used to wish I could find some retreat in the woods where I could gather all the young women and explain to them the great principles of benevolence and set them to doing good." Here we have an expression of the earnest desire of her heart that others might enjoy the benefits and real pleasures which result from a correct knowledge of the truth of God, especially when this knowledge reaches the heart and touches the springs of action there, thus affecting the lives of its possessors. Indeed, her whole life was one loud and continued utterance of this deep, longing desire which moved her soul.

But, however much her sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the young ladies who were gathered at this school, she deemed it her duty after spending six Winters in this capacity to discontinue her labors here and devote herself exclusively to the school in which her friend Miss Grant was engaged, which was then located at Ipswich. At this institution she remained for a long time, exerting herself to the utmost of her ability to promote the good of all who were educated there. Some of the time, in the absence of Miss Grant, she took the entire charge of the school. Her labors there, as elsewhere, were truly successful, not

only as regards the proper cultivation of the intellectual powers of her pupils, but in an equal degree in the development of their moral and religious natures. Her strong and well-balanced mind enabled her to give her pupils clear and well-defined ideas of the subjects of study which they pursued, and as a teacher she required thoroughness of scholarship.

But her efforts in teaching were not confined to earthly knowledge merely. She possessed in a very remarkable degree the power to impart religious instruction, and this power she most faithfully improved, instilling right and holy principles into the mind of her pupils, showing them their responsibilities, filling their hearts with emotions of love and gratitude to God, and awakening within them longing desires to make themselves useful. But great as was her usefulness at Ipswich, she was not satisfied; for, as year after year passed away and her observations and experiences accumulated, she became more and more impressed with a sense of the need of a school of such a character as would furnish young ladies, and especially those whose means were limited, with advantages superior to those afforded by any other school for the proper culture of all their powers. Her mind had long been at work trying to devise some means by which this long-cherished object of her heart might be accomplished. The task before her was no easy one; but, many as were the obstacles in her way, by her active and well-directed efforts in connection with her wonderful perseverance, she succeeded in overcoming them all, and as the result of her untiring diligence we see Mt. Holyoke Seminary springing into existence to bless the world. This noble institution speaks loudly in praise of her who founded it, and whose energies were exerted in making it answer the purpose for which it was designed. It was not a desire for fame, but pure and overflowing benevolence that moved Miss Lyon to engage in the great work of founding this seminary. The end she had in view was this, the glory of God and the good of mankind, and as a means to secure this end she saw the necessity for such a school as she designed this should be—a school where the daughters of our land, and especially those of the middle classes, could receive such an education as would make them true women, fully prepared to meet the responsibilities of life. It was for the purpose of devoting herself entirely to this good work that she determined to dissolve her connection with the school at Ipswich in the Fall of 1834. For three years she labored with the greatest diligence in the noble enterprise she had un-

dertaken. In 1837 she had the satisfaction of seeing the corner-stone laid, and on November 8th of the same year the first term of this institution opened, though the building was not quite finished at the time. There were accommodations for eighty pupils, and only a few days elapsed ere more than that number were gathered to the spot. How Miss Lyon's heart must have swelled with joy and gratitude to see her efforts crowned with success! She had trusted in God, and now she felt that he had blessed her labors. She entered upon her important duties as principal of the institution with high hopes of its future usefulness; and how have her hopes been realized! The history of the school, and particularly that portion which relates to the period when she presided there, furnishes sufficient evidence that she labored not in vain. From thence many have gone forth actuated by high and unselfish motives, some to distant lands, carrying "tidings of great joy" to those who dwell in darkness, and some to different parts of our own land, diffusing light and truth wherever their influence reaches.

For a period of twelve years, dating from the time the seminary was first established to the close of Miss Lyon's life, she sought by every means in her power to render the school a blessing to the world.

On the 5th of March, 1849, in her fifty-third year, she heard the voice of her Divine Master calling her home to everlasting rest and to a glorious reward. Long and willingly had she walked in the way of his commandments, and with equal joy she heard and obeyed this last call.

If I were asked, "What was the secret of Mary Lyon's blessed influence?" this would be my answer: She lived not for herself alone. Within her heart were written in glowing characters these beautiful words, "Love to God." Genuine benevolence, the highest and holiest principle that can move the soul, was the rule of her life.

On one side of the monument which marks her last resting-place are inscribed the following words to which she gave utterance in her last instruction to her school: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it."

Thus lived and thus died one of the noblest of women. Her works still follow her, and we may say in the language of the Scripture, where it describes the perfect woman, "Give her of the fruits of her hand and let her own works praise her in the gates."

HOME SCENES.

BY MISS HARRIET A. FOSTER.

THERE is something cold and cheerless
In the Autumn winds to-night;
But the fire is burning bright,
So with happy hearts and fearless
Let us leave decay and blight
For home's cheering warmth and light.

Let us heed the storm no longer,
And the fitful drops of rain
Dashed against the window-pane
As the blast grows fiercer, stronger
Howling wildly, and again
Sinking to a low, sad strain.

Another in the arm-chair sitting,
Resting from the toils of day,
Cheers the evening hours away;
We the while, demurely knitting
From our woolen balls of gray,
Forming stockings, grave as they.

On the hearth the cat is dreaming,
Doubtless of the water-tank
Where her drowning kitten sank,
While his eyes with mischief beaming,
And with many a roguish prank,
Sports around her baby Frank.

Beauteous apples, rare and rosy,
Next with ready hands are brought,
The choicest ones for mother sought—
Sitting in her arm-chair cozy—
But she sighs, we, quick as thought,
Have the mournful problem wrought.

Hear we, though we would not listen,
How the winds in solemn tone
Through the leafless forest moan;
In our eyes the tear-drops glisten,
And we feel so sad and lone
For the shadow round us thrown.

O, how vain is seeming gladness,
Smiling eyes and words of cheer,
If the heart within is drear!
How they fail to cheer our sadness
When thought brings the absent near,
And notes the broken circle here!

War, 't is thine, this fearful token,
Thine hath been the cruel hand,
That in homes all o'er our land
The bonds of love and peace hath broken.
Cease, cease our loved ones to demand,
And rend no more the household band.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long,—Norris.

A SUMMER'S ADVENTURES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

NUMBER III.

BOTH Mattie and I were relieved of a secret fear when it fell to Esther's lot to stay at home the next day. No doubt it was a self-denial to her also, but she did not speak it, and with light-hearted Nell to fill out the trio, we started on our second trip. "See that you do n't idle your time away, Esther, and be sure and have something nice ready for our supper," was Nell's parting charge to Esther.

She would hardly let us share with her the burden of the great market-basket that contained the flowers, and insisted upon adding to its contents whenever she spied a wild rose, or a woodbine, so that we were much longer on the way than we had been the previous day.

"Where shall we go first?" asked Mattie, when we found ourselves once more among the wards.

"To number four," said I, leading the way to the ward we had first entered.

The guard detained Nell a moment at the door to inspect the contents of her basket.

"Nothing but flowers," said she, lifting the dewy things by handfuls; "can I give them to the men?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "it will do them good."

So she laid a little fragrant cluster on the first pillow, saying, with a bright smile, to the grim-looking man who lay there,

"Wild roses—you know how they grow all among the rocks. I found them by the roadside as I came down this morning."

And she passed on to give the next man a branch of laurel with its waxy buds half hidden in glossy-green leaves. He gazed upon it with an admiring look, saying:

"Ah, yes; that's the wild laurel. I've gathered it many a time when I was a boy on the hills behind my father's house. I used to think it was a fine sight when the bushes were all covered with bloom; finer than any garden."

"The woods are full of it," said Nell; "I gathered this yesterday, and I could n't help wishing I could take up an acre of it, rocks, and trees, and all, and bring it down here to show to you all."

So she went on, scattering her flowers right and left, and chattering about them all the time, till she reached the door at the other end and passed out, leaving smiles upon many faces that had not been so brightened in a long time. Mattie and I found, as we expected, an empty

bed where our soldier boy had lain when we left him, and learned that he died about sunset without speaking again, only, just as he was going, he whispered faintly,

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"He will be buried this afternoon," said the doctor, "with two others who died last night. If you would like to see a military funeral, come up to my tent at three o'clock, and my wife will go with you."

He pointed out to us the rough wooden structure he called his tent, and left us to find our work. There was work enough waiting for us, and one of the nurses, the first woman we had seen in the wards, carried Mattie off to assist her, while I went into one of the surgical wards.

I was reading the morning paper to some of the men when the surgeon-in-chief came hastily up to me.

"Where is the other one," he asked abruptly; "the young woman that talks without smiling?"

I knew he meant Esther, so I said simply,

"She is at home to-day."

"Just when I wanted her; I never could depend on a young woman," said he with a touch of impatience in his tone. He turned away, then wheeling suddenly around he looked me sharply in the face, saying,

"I wonder if you are good for any thing—do you ever faint away—do you have hysterics?"

Perhaps there was a shade of vexation in my heart at that instant; but I am sure he did not suspect it. I sat quietly under his inspiration, only saying in answer to his questions,

"If I can do any good you may depend upon me."

"I think I can," said he more gently; "come into the next ward with me."

I followed him to the door, where he paused and said,

"There is a fellow in there that I can do nothing with. He is badly shot in his chest; they sent him up from one of the field hospitals, and I do n't think the bullet has ever been taken out. I tried for it once without finding it, and the trouble is the man is so afraid of the probe; makes more fuss than he would at a bayonet. I can't give him chloroform, his lungs are so shattered, and I must find that ball. Now I want you to go and talk to him, and try to cheer him up. Talk about any thing but his wound; make him forget that if you can. He is just lying there in a perfect fever of dread, waiting for my coming. It is n't an unusual thing at all. The bravest soldiers in a fight often make the most fuss at having their wounds dressed."

We were just going in when he stopped and said, "You had better go alone; it's the fourth bed, right-hand side." Then, looking me full in the face, he said, "If he wants you to stay while I dress his wound will you do it?"

I hardly knew what I was saying, but I answered at once that I would stay.

I saw the man as soon as I entered the door, raised high upon pillows, and watching every comer with a nervous interest. He breathed with difficulty, and returned my greetings in a voice a little above a whisper.

"I thought you would like to hear the news," said I, drawing the morning paper from my pocket; "it begins to look as if we should have Richmond soon."

His face put on a look of pleasure, and he listened with evident interest to the hopeful reports that were just then exciting the public, with the belief that McClellan's campaign was about to prove a success. From that I went to a lively Saratoga letter, detailing in a spicy manner the ludicrous mishaps of a couple of pompous lieutenants, who undertook to make themselves the lions of the watering-place. He had hardly breath enough to afford the luxury of laughing, but I laughed for him, and it was plain he was thoroughly diverted, when I saw the surgeon coming with his two assistants. The look of misery that came over his face was pitiful to see, and in an instant all my own fear was gone, and I felt strong enough to help him.

"Do n't think about it," I said quickly, as an exclamation of dread escaped his lips; "it will be over soon, and I know you are brave enough to bear it. Would you like to have me stay with you?"

"If you only would," said he with a grateful look; "I do n't believe I shall be such a coward before a woman."

I talked to him incessantly, as much to divert my own mind as his, and though he evidently suffered greatly, only once did a groan escape his lips. It was not a lengthy operation, and very soon the surgeon held up a ragged bit of iron, saying, "I thought so: they must have sent you this along with your bullet; you're all right now, my man."

Then nodding his head at me he said,

"You'll do; you're a brave little woman; I should like to shake hands with you if I could. Now see that this man has a bowl of sago and goes to sleep."

I hurried to the little pantry of the nurse and repeated the doctor's orders, and was glad when the man there directed me to the kitchen where special diet was prepared. It was a

relief to be for a moment under the happy blue sky, and feel the terrible strain upon my nerves relaxed. By the time I got my bowl of sago it was all over, and I went back very calmly to find my patient lying quietly, with clean bandages over the ugly wound.

He thanked me most gratefully for the nourishment and for staying with him.

"You would not believe," said he, "how foolish I was about it. I would rather have faced a battery, but I am so glad it is over at last."

Mattie and I found each other readily at noon, but Nell was no where to be found. At last, after we had resolved to eat our dinner independently of her ladyship, we stumbled upon her sitting on a box outside of the wards, surrounded by a group of convalescents who were just able to crawl from their beds into the sunshine. She was relating to them, in the most animated style, the story of Horatius with his two comrades, and the men were listening as if entranced.

She pictured in vivid light the gathering of bands of Tuscans against Rome, and the dismay that was spread through the city at the news; how, as the invaders came on, burning villages and laying the land waste, the frightened people fled in crowds to Rome, till at last the armed host with the banners of "twelve proud cities" drew near the banks of the Tiber. There was but one hope for Rome, and that was to destroy the bridge, and there was not time to do the work before the foe would be upon them.

The excitement among the listeners grew visibly greater as she told how "brave Horatius" stepped forth with his noble offer to stand with two others in the narrow path, where a "thousand might well be stopped by three," and keep them at bay till the bridge went down. It was curious to see the play of feeling upon the faces of the group at the story of that terrible conflict of three against an armed host, and when at last, with a crash like thunder, the bridge went plunging into the Tiber, "and to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam," they broke out with a spontaneous cheer.

Then Nell, leaving her narration, repeated the rest of the story in the words of Macaulay's noble poem, standing up as she told at last how,

"In the nights of Winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amid the snow;
When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
And the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;

With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

Those poor crippled fellows, listening upon the grass to the old Roman legend, seemed stirred as if by the sound of a trumpet, and Mattie and I shared not a little in their interest, thinking the story had never been half appreciated by us before. Just as we were turning away from the group, however, one of them scattered our poetical fancies completely by remarking,

"I'm thinking it was a lucky thing for that Horatius that folks did n't carry Minnie rifles in them days. 'T would n't have taken long to pop him over."

Sure enough; and there was the contrast between ancient and modern warfare—the clumsy spear and battle-ax, and the rifle with its long range and unerring aim.

"I've seen '*Johnny*,'" said Nell, as we sat eating our dinner; "he's one of the surgeons. I knew him in a minute from the picture his mother showed us, and so I introduced myself; told him we spent the Sabbath at his home, and that his father brought us down. He seemed quite relieved to see me; said his father told him about us, and I am inclined to think, from his manner, that he was afraid the old gentleman had been imposed upon, or else was going crazy."

At three o'clock we presented ourselves to the doctor's wife, who received us very graciously. By her advice we did not go to the chapel where religious services were to be held, and which was already filled by the soldiers, but walked with her through the grove to the little cemetery on the outskirts of the grounds. There was a broad carriage path leading to it, carpeted so completely by the fallen leaves of the tall pines, that our steps gave back no sound. The road wound gracefully among the trees, and sweeping around a group of noble oaks divided into two branches at the corner of the cemetery, which was inclosed by a white paling. The graves were ranged in long rows, uniformly turfed, and marked at the head by a board bearing the name, age, residence, etc., of the deceased soldier. It was strange and sad, as we walked among them, to see how the sleepers had come from almost every section of the land, and how their ages varied from mere boyhood to middle age. There was but one grave of them all that bore any inscription, aside from what was necessary for identification. For that one some loving hand had written,

"Beloved in life, in memory cherished."

The three graves that were to receive the dead were the last of a new row. The sexton had prepared them with great taste, by placing bunches of wild flowers at the head, and completely hiding the bare sides by a lining of sweet-fern branches.

"Does he always do this?" I asked in surprise.

"Always," said the doctor's wife, "in Summer; friend and foe are served alike, but you see we have very few rebels buried here."

Soon the distant music of the band announced that the chapel services were over and the procession on its way. Slowly it wound along, coming into view for a moment, and then disappearing among the trees, the band all the time breathing out the sad, sweet strains of Mount Vernon. Nearer and nearer they came, the three coffins side by side in an open wagon, covered by the national banner, while the little guard of twelve men marched, with arms reversed, six on each side. And what a sad procession! Swinging upon crutches, leaning on the arm of a comrade, limping wearily along the way; there were haggard faces, wasted and mutilated forms, and every mark of wounds and sickness, but among them all not one able-bodied man. They were the invalids and convalescents—men who had just escaped death themselves; but I could not help thinking, as I looked upon them, that to many of them life could be but a lingering death.

As they reached the great oaks the guard, with the bodies, passed around to the northern entrance of the cemetery, while the rest of the procession poured in at the other, and arranged themselves as near as possible to the open graves, the music of the band changing to "Come ye Disconsolate."

In my childhood I had heard my mother sing that hymn, and in after years I had heard it many a time swelling from the lips of a great congregation. But never had the sweet, old tune seemed so full of soothing harmony, of tender pleading, of triumphant faith, as when it rose soft and clear above those narrow graves; floating upward like the breath of fervent supplication, and dying away amid the sighing of the Summer wind in the pine branches over our heads. The coffins were lowered into the graves; the chaplain, stepping forward with uncovered head, offered a few brief words of prayer; the guard fired three volleys above their dead comrades, and then in broken squads the men turned back to the hospital.

"I am glad we can live outside the lines," said Nell as we walked slowly away; "I never could breathe freely in the midst of so much

suffering. I should want to go away and get fresh life somewhere."

"O, it is n't dull here, I assure you," said the doctor's wife in an animated way. "We have some very pleasant society among the officers, and we have something going on almost all the time. We have splendid sailing parties these moonlight nights."

Nell looked at her with such undisguised astonishment that I feared she was going to add words to looks, but Mattie quietly said,

"You must find a great many demands upon your time now the wards are so full, and so many of the nurses away."

"O, as to the wards," said the pretty little woman, "I seldom go into them. It only makes me nervous and miserable, and the nurses take excellent care of the men. I do n't suppose half of them would be as well treated at home."

"But there must be a great deal the nurses have no time for," said Nell; "reading to the men, and doing little things to cheer and amuse them."

"O yes," was the answer, "I might easily spend my whole time there, I dare say, but I have n't any fancy for such things, and then the men don't expect it. They are used to hardships, and don't expect any thing more than to be made comfortable."

We were close by the officers' quarters, and she invited us into her little house. The rough walls were ornamented with two or three fine pictures, and a bouquet of exquisite hot-house flowers filled a china vase upon the table. They came from the city, she told us, and had been sent her by a friend. She entertained us charmingly for half an hour, treated us to cake and strawberries and cream, which were brought in by a colored boy, and accompanied us beyond the lines with a smiling good-by.

"She is a very lovable woman," said I after we had walked some distance silently. "One can't tell without trial just what effect constant familiarity with so much suffering would have. It is a new thing to us all."

"O treacherous Susy!" said Nell, jumping down from the fence where she had climbed to reach a branch of wild honeysuckle, "you are fairly purchased with the sweets of luxury. When the taste of the strawberries departs from your mouth you will not so abound in charity."

"There's Esther," said Mattie, as we came in sight of the house; "I wonder how she has spent the day."

"I'll warrant one thing," said Nell; "she has accomplished as much real good as any one of us to-day. Esther Marston always is just in the right place. She is my model woman."

The model woman rose up from the door where she had been reading to old Mrs. Parker as she watched for our coming, and hastened down the steps.

"She's coming to meet us," said Nell; "she must be glad to see us; the dear little Esther; she shall wear my honeysuckles to-night."

But Esther only went around to the kitchen door and busied herself with putting supper on the table.

Nell pouted in mock displeasure, and Mattie laughingly remarked,

"The model woman is always in the right place. I'm anxious for my supper in spite of that tantalizing lunch."

Nell was unbounded in her praise of the really delicious stew which Esther served up to us.

"Where in the world did you find so many larks?" she asked after a careful inspection of the contents of her plate, "and how should you know how to cook them?"

"For the last matter I consulted a cook-book," answered Esther gravely; "as to the larks, I—I *created* them."

"O, admirable Esther!" exclaimed Nell; "woman of wonderful resources!" And just then old Mrs. Parker put her head in the door to ask,

"I'd like to know if you're really eatin' them things?"

"What things! What is it, Esther?" we all asked in chorus.

"Nothing," said Esther coolly, "only these unfortunate animals belonged in their happier days to the tribe that

'Neither walks, nor runs, nor flies,
But goes it with a jerk.'"

"Frogs!" exclaimed Mattie, in a horror-stricken voice.

"Yes, frogs," said Esther; "good, are n't they?"

"Very," answered Nell, calmly going on with her supper; "did you catch 'em, Esther?"

The question was too ludicrous, and we burst into a hearty peal of laughter at the idea of our dignified school ma'am out in the swamp catching frogs.

Then Esther explained that the family who had recently vacated the house were French—"sort of heathen," Mrs. Parker says, that talked gibberish no Christian could understand, and ate reptiles and such outlandish things. "This morning a little boy called with some frogs which he expected to sell to them. He seemed greatly disappointed at not finding his customers, and as the frogs were nicely prepared and put up with the greatest neatness, I ventured

to buy them myself. I have great faith in French discernment in matters of appetite, and I really think this a dainty dish."

And so it was, as any one who relishes turtle soup or young poultry will agree, if they will make an unprejudiced trial.

This was not all. Esther had inquired into the history of the boy, and learned that his father was a soldier, who went into battle at Pittsburg Landing and was never heard from afterward. The family had been reduced by his loss from plenty to poverty, and only obtained a scanty support by the industry and ingenuity of the children.

"I went to see them," said Esther, "and found that one of the daughters is a cripple—confined to her bed by hip disease, and suffering more or less constantly. She is cheerful and uncomplaining, and helps to support the family by making a variety of fancy articles. She has learned the art of skeletonizing plants, and showed me some exquisite specimens that were completed. You know what extravagant prices they ask at Loudon's for those specimens of ivy and passion-flower in glass cases. She has some full as beautiful, and some scamp is making a speculation out of her by purchasing them of her for only fifty cents each. I came right home and wrote to Loudon about her, and I have no doubt he will take all she can prepare at a fair price."

"Who stays at home to-morrow?" asked Mattie.

"We shall all stay," said Esther, speaking "as one having authority." "Mrs. Parker says if we will make her a glass or two of jelly we may have all the rest of the currants for the soldiers, and we will pick them to-morrow."

As soon as the dew was dried from the bushes we went to work to gather the currants, and by noon had heaped almost every available dish with the beautiful fruit. In the afternoon we prepared it for drying, and made a quantity of jelly under the supervision of the minister's wife, who came over with her baby and gave us the benefit of her experience. And this was the beginning of a new branch of our business, for at her suggestion we asked of several families the privilege of gathering a portion of their fruits for the soldiers, and never in a single instance were we refused. Then, as the season advanced, we found abundance of berries in the woods and pastures, whortleberries and the delicious wild blackberry, free to every one who would take the trouble to gather them. So our stores increased continually, and no miser ever gloated over his gold with more delight than did we over our jellies, cordial, and dried fruit.

We also carried to the hospital in our regular visits frequent rolls of bandages, towels, handkerchiefs, stockings, etc., partly of our own manufacture, and partly the result of collecting among the good people of the village. We found many who were ready to give, but the majority had come to look upon the hospital simply as a convenient market where they could obtain the highest of prices for any thing which they might wish to dispose of. In the good minister and his wife we found the most valuable of friends, and on the whole our Summer's campaign was so heartily enjoyed by us all, and so satisfactory in its results, that it was with real regret that we left the place of our retreat when the close of vacation summoned us again to our labors in the city.

"Where on earth have you been all vacation?" was the inquiry that greeted us, as one and another of our associates depicted the pleasures and gayeties of their various resorts.

"In the country," said Nell simply, not caring to invite either comment or criticism.

"I should think so," said dashing Louise Harvey, taking one of Mattie's brown hands in her dainty white ones; "you look as if you had been making hay or planting."

"We have," said Esther, and that was all we ever told them of our Summer's adventures.

ANOTHER FALLEN.

BY MRS. MARION A. BIGELOW.

ANOTHER mourns to-day
For one who on the battle-field
His life in this sad war did yield,
And sleeps far, far away.

Another home is lone;
Another household sore bereft;
A widow and an orphan left;
A husband—father gone.

Away on Southern ground
Another nameless grave is made;
Another soldier form is laid
To quiet rest profound.

Another life is laid
An offering pure on freedom's shrine,
And wreaths of laurel now entwined
That never more shall fade.

O war, most dreadful war!
When will thy devastation cease?
When will our weary land have peace,
And all this strife be o'er?

The blood of patriots slain,
Our dearest and our best on earth,
The choicest of our hearts and hearth,
Shall not be shed in vain.

FICTION.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

WE live in a fiction-reading age. As heaves the great heart of the sea, under the moon's calm eye, so, in the literary world, tides ebb and flow. In Britain, the Restoration witnessed a surge toward the profligate and dissolute, from the over-taut Puritanism of the Commonwealth. Under Victoria, the return-tide toward the right is not—in the outer—at the Cromwellian high-water mark, but it is heavier, stronger, with sane pulse, steadily setting truthward. To be sure, English literature has its harmful "Essays and Reviews," its Thackeray and Dickens, who have written sometimes with a moral purpose, and sometimes without; its Carlyle, whose abrupt, tortuous transcendentalisms go over common people's heads, and who has not always a healthful influence upon young thinkers; and yet the race of dominant fictionists who wrote so sensually has passed away. The influence of the pure-spirited poet-laureate still floats upon British air, like the breath of a censor offering. Macaulay has made history as attractive as fiction, and has thrown the glamour of genius over the prosiest themes. The Brownings have written beautifully and strongly for the good and true. Fennyson, standing nearest the throne, having entranced literati and aristocrats, is turning his gathered strength upon the side of God's trampled truth—considering Christ's poor.

The Puritanism that drifted America-ward in the Mayflower, left the impress of its steely fingers upon the plastic, young republic. Like an iron band, it held the young tree, though leaves fluttered their small wings nervously, branches tossed restlessly, and hidden, growing forces tugged stoutly. At last, the oxyd's tiny teeth have cut the chain, and the heady, young tree has broken from the old restraint in crazy style. From the lack of centralization of power, republics are slower than monarchies. In this country, there was no court revolution, as in the mother-land, to send the tide surging from the Puritanic toward literary license; consequently, its flow is less tumultuous—it will dash far below British high-tide mark, will sooner lose its force, and turn again toward the good and true.

Time was when the children of Church members read novels by stealth—slipped out of sight at the sound of the guardian step. Then, a glance at the center-table would give you a man's theological bearings. If a Calvinist, Baxter, Edwards, and Scott were his authors; if a

Methodist, Wesley, Watson, Fletcher, and Clarke. Strong meat for the young and fastidious, but generally believed to make good, firm frame, and fine, elastic muscle. Visit the homes of the second generation, belonging to the same Churches. You will find that Jane Eyre, Miles Standish, and Hannah Thurston have crowded quite out of sight the meek and modest David Brainerd, Mary Fletcher, and Hester Ann Rogers. The Repository may be there, but Peterson's, Harper's, and the Atlantic have quite as assured and "at home" an air. You take up a thoroughly-thumbed volume, from which some young reader has been torn by the inexorable school-bell. Inside the cover you read, "Cong. S. S. L.," "M. E. S. S. L.," or some other "S. S. L." You glance through it, for you find hardly a sentence worthy of more than a glance. A marvelous maiden passes through a series of trials, planned for the exhibition of her superhuman excellencies: a young man of superb appearance figures in an equal number of pages; the twain gradually converge, till, after a set of appropriate difficulties, the last chapter makes them one, and leaves unsteady-brained school-girls sighing lest no such golden fortune awaits them: plain Sarah Smith, and Jerusha Johnson, doomed, by a cruel fate, to stupid school-books, sandwiched between seasons of sweeping, dusting, table-setting, and baby-tending. Surely, fiction is fast becoming the staple reading of our young people. Fiction is a power in the literary world. All books are more or less potent to make or mar human character. It has been said, "Show me a man's associates, and I will tell you who he is." I would say, a man is known by the books he reads. We look out upon people, and deal with them from within intrenchments. They never see our real selves—unmasked—unclad with armor. But we admit books to our stronghold. We are not ashamed to let them see the quickened pulse, the flush, the tear. They get directly at our inner life. If they tell us a new, startling thing, there are no conventionalisms to forbid us asking a repetition. We may dwell upon it, word by word, till it becomes incorporated in our very being.

Books have power over us, according to the vividness of the ideal presence they would bring before us. To the unmanageable, mental machinery of ordinary people, mathematical quantities, beyond the narrow limit of every-day use, convey no more definite or tangible thought than they would if written in Sanscrit. So the bare, frigid statement of an historical or biographical fact has a dimness, an unreality about it. Born, lived, fought, died, so and so, do not

bring a hoping, fearing, sinning, suffering, human life before us, as do so many dashes of an expert novelist's pen. The citadel of the affections towers above that of the reason. The skillful fictionist takes this by assault, and turns its guns upon the reason. Though you may say to yourself, a dozen times a day, Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean, Bayard Taylor's Woodbury, and George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver never lived, yet the impression they made, when you read of them, contradicts you strongly, successfully. I think, in this regard, people who write to amuse are often wiser than they who write to instruct. I have read of Balzac, that he would ransack Parisian alleys and dens, night and day, for weeks, in quest of material for a new novel. He wanted to reach people's hearts—success in book-making means this. He knew that the way to the human lies through the human. So he let society make his characters—he merely grouped them. The world readily recognized the kinship of his books with itself, and made place for them.

What uninspired book ever moved a nation as did Uncle Tom's Cabin? And yet, critics give a reluctant assent to its merit as a literary *chef-d'œuvre*. It is the real people in the book that move us to laughter and tears. It was genuine, quivering, suffering, human life, quarried from the chaos of Southern slavery, by the woman of the mallet hand, and it made thousands at the North tremble, and confess the complicity of their silent conservatism with the sum of all villainies.

How have Christians been moved to courage and trust, by Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress! A simple book, written in a jail, by an illiterate tinker, it was the mapping out of a way his own feet had trodden. Hence its strange vitality. Along its path, down through the dim, old years, are buried hundreds of volumes, that had wealth, titled influence, and literary *prestige* to make way for them. They are forgotten, while the allegory of the humble dreamer is found in all Christian homes the world over.

That fiction wields a scepter of power can not be denied; that it is often for ill is quite as evident. Lamartine says, "Romances are to the people of the West what opium is to the Orientals—day-dreams." This is a world of tug and toil, sweat and suffering. The curse lies heavily upon the race; and men, in their blind willfulness, turn, and writhe, and struggle, to rid themselves of it. Rather than let the Good Physician cut away the cancer, they take opiates to deaden the pain. The market is overstocked with these narcotizing poisons. Fiction-reading is the one most in demand with people

who hold themselves above the *ede, bibe, lude* potions. There is a strong analogy between novel-devouring and intemperance. The likeness may be traced from the genteel, daintysipping for fashion's sake, to the final, dread drowning of all goodness. Fiction and alcohol have their uses, but a man must deal carefully with them, or, before he is aware, he has a viper warmed into life—a tiger unchained. To an inveterate novel-reader, how dull and insipid are solid and religious books! What a set of stupid platitudes is the Bible! With what avidity does he seek the passion-pampering poison! All duties are forgotten, as the fever rises; and when the climax is reached, and the thing is finished, what a dead, dismal discontent ensues! What a restless craving for another dose, to produce another paroxysm!

Excess of fiction creates, not only a morbid, mental appetite, but false social views. Real, human life is a plain, prosy affair, compared with the azure and gold pictures one gets in sensation love-stories. The Cornelias, Mary Anna, and Marias, that a novel-reading young man meets at the "Mite Society," differ decidedly from the dark-eyed, raven-ringleted, lily-handed maidens of his book world. These latter set him sighing for their like—a "congenial spirit." Well for him that he sighs in vain. He would probably find his "affinity" any thing but *au fait* in making bread, and cutting over old cloaks, as, *maugre* his maudlin dreams, his wife may be obliged to do.

A young lady habitant of the fiction-world meets a young man, whose exterior warrants him a suitable subject, and straightway she clothes him with the vesture, for such cases made and provided by patent hero-makers. He is Lord Mortimer; he is Reginald Ainslie. In short, he is a walking epitome of perfections and graces—all of which sensible, seeing people know he is not. Simply, a good-looking clerk, a pleasant-voiced young schoolmaster, or an embryo lawyer. If "obstacles" intervene, our young lady dumps dismally, *en regle*, being found "in tears," on all suitable occasions, making herself and all concerned as wretched as possible. By the way, according to the books, one is liable to this "sentiment" but once in a lifetime; albeit, the young people I know have had as many experiences as they can count upon their fingers. Perchance, after an infinity of melancholy mopings, our damsel is united to "the man whose heart beats in unison with her own." To her surprise, when life has rippled back into the commonplace, she finds her adorable Adonis can be unconscionably exacting, get out of temper, and say

all manner of unambrosial things, when buttons are missing, collars badly ironed, or coffee muddy. Of course, sulks and storms ensue. A world of wretchedness, chargeable to the "lying spirit" in silly books—do you see?

And yet there is a greater danger, a more fateful wrong. Of the novels recently published this side the water, the best—from their eschewing these imaginary paragons, and painting from life—I mean such books as those of O. W. Holmes and Bayard Taylor, have sifted all through them, a subtle, deadly soul-poison. Like the air of the Roman Campagna, they are beautiful, enchanting, but laden with silent, hidden death. Would God I could tear the mask from these stealthy, smiling, flower-decked soul murderers, that the young and unwary, who admit them to the inner sanctuary of their spirit life, might see the darkly-rebellious front behind the beautiful, artistic exterior lifted against our Christ—the iron hand in the velvet glove, with strong clutch, dragging down to infidelity and spirit death.

As fiction has power over mind, why may we not take it captive, give it Christian baptism, turn a pure language upon its lip, and send it forth, in God's name, to meet and conquer its evil alien kin?

Under the old "blue laws," a book needed only an attractive style to throw it under ban. Bitter tonics were found to be good, and straightway bitter tonics must be forced down all throats, *volens volens*. This extreme has begotten its opposite. Good people have grown careless about their children's reading. They turn them loose, to range the book-world at their own sweet will; to gather, as they fancy, daisies or nettles, whortleberries or nightshade. Mrs. Browning says of this:

"Sublimest danger, over which none weeps
When any young, wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
The world of books! Ah, you!—you think it fine,
You clap hands—'A fair day!'—you cheer him on
As if the worst could happen were to rest
Too long beside a fountain. Yet, behold,
Behold!—the world of books is still the world;
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels. Every knife that strikes
Is edged with elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life. The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble, wrong,
Because of weakness. Power is justified,
Though armed against St. Michael. Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads. In the book-world, true,
There is no lack, neither, of God's saints and kings
That shake the ashes of the grave aside

From their calm locks, and undiscomfited
Look steadfast truths against Time's changing mark.
True, many a prophet teaches in the roads;
True, many a seer pulls down the flaming heavens
Upon his own head in strong martyrdom,
In order to light men a moment's space.
But stay!—who judges?—who distinguishes
'Twixt Saul and Nahash justly, at first sight,
And leaves king Saul precisely at the sin,
To serve king David? who discerns at once
The sound of trumpets, when the trumpets blow
For Alaric as well as Charlemagne?
Who judges prophets, and can tell true seers
From conjurors? The child, there? Would you leave
That child to wander in a battle-field,
And push his innocent smile against the guns?
Or even in the catacombs . . . his torch
Grown ragged in the fluttering air, and all
The dark a-mutter round him? not a child!"

Those upon whom God has laid the duty of caring for the young, may not safely shirk responsibility in this matter.

Hurrying, uncultured, every-day people, and light-brained, merry-hearted "young folks" will not read heavy, labored, theological works. The student who has mastered Paley's Evidences and Butler's Analogy may have an appetite for Burke and Bacon, Bushnell and Whedon; but the masses must have easy reading, or they will not read at all. They make society; they elect our Presidents; they fill our churches. They must be cared for—and how? Let religious writers study to make their books natural and attractive in style. Style in book-making is quite as changeful as are the modes of fashionable life. An article of dress may be just the thing for durability and comfort, but if it is "out of fashion," young people will not buy it. A set of thoughts may come out in good, substantial garb, but if its style is that of a dead decade, they will not be generally read. If the athlete is put under careful training, that not one muscle may fail of its full power, how ought they to be cultured who mold mind in the quiet of reading homes!

Few people write much, religiously, till they have passed out of the range of thoughts, feelings, and fancies that make the life of the young. They let books—the books of a buried century, possibly—make their style. In their libraries, they study people, through eyes that have been dust, for long, changeful, on-moving years; and so they utterly fail to touch the channels that lead to vital, impulsive, imperiled young hearts. There is no necessity that works of solid thought should be of the dry-as-dust order. The idea of the incompatibleness of beauty and utility has long since exploded. God gave a lesson on this ages ago. Solomon's

Temple was the expression of the world's one grand, religious thought, and it was beautiful as a dream of Paradise.

I would say, let religious works be modern, pleasant, presentable in their style. Let metaphors and figures, as in Winthrop's, Holmes's, and Hawthorne's books, stand all along the reader's way, like roadside flowers and trees; or let them, like pulleys, lift the heavy thought within grasp. Let those who write religious fiction make their characters of the material that living people are made of—neither problematical perfection nor unmitigated depravity; simple human—but, above all, let the breath of Christ's life be breathed through the whole.

The doctrine of regeneration by kindly, social influences, woven through Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and the heretical quizzings and quips of Holmes and Taylor, may be met, in minds with whom they have most power, by genuine orthodoxy, living and breathing, as do these heresies, in the lives and lips of people, whose naturalness makes them real.

Much of our Sabbath school fiction is palpably unreal. The marvelously good, little people, who figure in Sunday school books, are usually as unlike the children that play in the mud, get mad, call names, "strike back," and are dozily "kind o' sorry" for their naughty doings, when they come to say their prayers, as are the comical little wood-cuts of twenty years ago.

Some works of fiction are, like bits of fancy-work, house-plants, canaries, music, merely "things of beauty." Not stoutly useful, like sock-knitting, vegetable gardening, farm-house building—their *morale* determined by their use—pampering pride, and stealing time from plainer things; or making home happy, and providing the young a safe, little harbor for sailing their pleasure yachts out of the reach of breakers. The discussion of such books leads us into the border-land, where good and evil blend. God has chosen not to catalogue right and wrong things, affixing the manufacturer's mark, as the injudicious help rich dolts through College—accompanying each problem with its solution. He leaves us to wrestle with the perplexities of half-defined temptations, that we may feel the need of his help and wisdom.

Most novels, however, are born of a purpose. The characters in second-rate fictions are ideas; those in works of a more artistic grade are real people, used as lay figures, to exhibit metaphysical fabrics upon. For instance, Holmes, the astute, peering, prying, seeing, as few men do, the fine, inner sense of coarse, common things—Holmes wishes to write metaphysics for the masses. He knows that the masses do

not read metaphysics, so he sets before them a dozen or more characters, whose likeness to the people they meet every day fastens their attention. Through and about these, he says the fine, harmful things that lie uneasily in his brain. Bayard Taylor, the pleasant, the genial, who has been eyes for us, from the tropics to the poles, has chanced to get those same, keen-visioned optics full of sand and smoke—the follies and infirmities of religious and reformatory people. Immediately he brings out a brace of merry books, fresh, readable, pleasantly written, but placing in the strongest and most ridiculous light the incongruities of well-meaning people, representing large classes of laborers for the right and true. The young reader gives the generous, manly, whole-souled, smoking, wine-sipping, Sabbath-breaking sinner, his admiration—the minister with the great teeth, pinched salary, and narrow mind, his pity, and, unless well braced, the temperance, antislavery, and Christian people a decided contempt.

Mrs. Stowe, in her House and Home Papers, has impressed into the service of domestic economy this mode of saying strong, earnest things, in a light, easy way, with enough of the fictional to make them attractive to common readers.

The demand, in the domain of light literature, is for writers with the steady brain, clear eye, and strong hand, who shall portray to the life the workings of Christianity in human hearts, and so make fiction a power for good.

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

NEVER complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hinderances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proofs that they are poisons. No! A truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and to his work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—Dr. Bushnell.

DEAR SAVIOR OF A DYING WORLD.

BY A. L. WARING.

DEAR Savior of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where thou wast laid,
My heart lies down with thee:
O, not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain,
But from a hope that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all thy strength,
Thy place on earth to fill;
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will;
Firm against every doubt of thee
For all my future way—
To walk in Heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

Ah, such a day as thou shalt own
When suns have ceased to shine!
A day of burdens borne by thee,
And work that all was thine.
Speed thy bright rising in my heart,
Thy righteous kingdom speed—
Till my whole life in concord say,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"

O for an impulse from thy love,
With every coming breath,
To sing that sweet undying song
Amid the wrecks of death!
A "hail!" to every mortal pang
That bids me take my right
To glory in the blessed life
Which thou hast brought to light.

I long to see the hallowed earth
In new creation rise;
To find the germs of Eden hid
Where its fallen beauty lies;
To feel the Spring-tide of the soul
By one deep love set free;
Made meet to lay aside her dust,
And be at home with thee.

And then—there shall be yet an end—
An end how full to bless!
How dear to those who watch for thee
With human tenderness!
Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our home complete,
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes—they shall meet, and face to face
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with thy likeness, Lord of life,
And perfect in their own.
For this corruptible must rise
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine, then, thou Resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine;

The fullness of thy joys be ours,
As all our griefs were thine.
Now, in this changing, dying life,
Our faded hopes restore,
Till, in thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.

THE SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

THE Shepherd leads the sheep
Who trust his tender love,
Up lofty mountains stern and steep,
To pleasant vales above.
We know the loving eye that sees
How here we toil and weep,
Marks every step; through paths like these
The Shepherd leads his sheep.

His voice rings out aloft
Lest we should miss the way,
Or sink to sleep on cushions soft,
Forgetting it is day.
Sometimes we see his flag unfurled,
Then wrapt in shadows deep,
As step by step through this sad world
The Shepherd leads his sheep.

If we could see the way,
Or know the joys ahead,
We might perchance forget to pray,
Or watch the path we tread.
And though temptation oft assails,
We may not rest or sleep,
Till to the green eternal vales
The Shepherd leads his sheep.

This I believe; and only when
This blessed faith grows dim
I lean upon my fellow-men,
And fail to trust in Him.
Yet merciful is He who sees
How here I toil and weep,
Believing still through paths like these
The Shepherd leads his sheep.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT OF THE PLAINS.

BY EDWARD B. HEATON.

ALONG the wayside bloomed a modest flower,
Its roseate blossoms scarce above the ground,
And its sweet incense filled the air around.
I stooped to pluck it; fell a golden shower,
Like star-dust from its petals, and the leaves
Shrank from the strange embrace as 't were afraid;
And then I knew it. Thus a beauteous maid,
All innocent as Ruth among the sheaves,
Whose happy carol stilled the choral grove,
Won by soft speeches and deceitful smiles
To dower upon a villain all her love,
Discovers all too late his damning wiles;
Sinks broken-hearted 'neath the cruel blow,
Till Death all tenderly lifts off the weight of woe.

WHITE SLAVERY IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

BY REV. J. TOWNLEY CRANE, D. D.

HISTORY reveals some curious things. It is a singular fact that at the very time when the African slave-trade was in the most flourishing condition, and the slave-ships of England and the United States were bringing their myriads of miserable captives to these western shores, white slavery existed in Africa; thousands of Europeans and Americans, captured at sea, were sold in African slave markets and driven to their daily toil after the most approved style of the "divine institution."

In the seventh century the Saracens conquered Egypt and pushed along westward till they held possession of the coast of the Mediterranean from the Nile to the Pillars of Hercules. From Morocco they looked across the Straits of Gibraltar to the fertile fields of Spain; and in the year 711 an invading army crossed over, defeated the Spaniards in a battle which lasted seven days, and finally gained possession of the whole peninsula, except the more mountainous regions. For three centuries the Moors held their conquests with little opposition on the part of the conquered people. Agriculture, science, art, learning of every kind known to the age were cultivated, and in all the arts of peace and civilization the Moors of Spain were foremost among the nations of Europe. Their libraries were the best, their universities were the finest, and their fame attracted many students from other nations, notwithstanding the antagonisms of race and religion. But in the eleventh century the central government of Moorish Spain was overthrown, the doctrine of "State sovereignty" was adopted, and more than twenty little kingdoms started up among the ruins of fallen greatness as toadstools grow from the decaying trunk of a fallen tree. The Spaniards now struck for freedom; but they were also divided among themselves, and so they carried on a war in an intermittent way for some three centuries, suffering much and gaining little. The marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile gave them substantial unity, and in 1492, the same year in which Columbus discovered America, Granada, the last of the Moorish kingdoms, was conquered. One hundred thousand Moors were expelled from the land which had been the home of their fathers for nearly eight centuries.

They took refuge in Africa, spreading themselves along the coast of the Mediterranean. Ages of war had made them a bold, deter-

mined race of men. Their defeat and expulsion rendered them fierce and revengeful, and they soon began to plot incursions into the territory of their enemies with the double motive of vengeance and plunder. They knew the coast and the country as well as the Spaniards themselves. Swift row-galleys hovered about the shore, and, landing at night, villages were attacked and plundered, and their inhabitants, laden with the booty stolen from their own houses, were driven to the vessels and swept across the narrow sea into exile and slavery. So annoying had these raids become that in 1509 Ferdinand sent a fleet to punish the pirates. The expedition produced no permanent effect. Some three hundred captives were rescued, and a little island in the harbor of Algiers was captured and fortified; but still the operations of the freebooters were carried on as boldly as ever. A seeming accident supplied them with a leader fit for all evil enterprise. A renegade Greek, a native of Mitylene, whose name history does not record, had worked himself into the favor of the Sultan of Turkey till he obtained the command of a ship in the navy, and was sent with a large sum of money to pay the garrisons of certain military posts in the Morea. He set sail, and was hardly out of sight of Constantinople before he resolved to take possession of vessel, money, and all, and join the Barbary pirates. His crew, a wild crowd of desperadoes of all nations, were delighted with the proposition. Beginning the work at once, he captured two Italian vessels with rich cargoes near the island of Elba, and then steered for Tunis. Some of the prisoners were ransomed, and, returning home, gave a marvelous account of the adventure, describing their captor as a man the most noticeable feature of whose personal appearance was a beard of huge dimensions and fiery hue. Hence the Greek pirate became known by the name of Barbarossa, or Redbeard. The ruler of Tunis received Redbeard in a friendly manner, and in consideration of a certain share of future plunder, agreed to allow him to establish a naval depot on a little fortified island convenient for the purpose. Redbeard prospered, and the more his fame spread the more numerous the influx of adventurers from all quarters to join his standard. Large vessels, armed with cannon and capable of long voyages, took the place of the galleys, and every ship that he captured was so much added to his strength. All the drifting villainy of the seas seemed to be attracted toward him, and he soon had an army as well as a powerful fleet. The Moorish king of Algiers, Eutemi, who was annoyed by

the garrison which the Spaniards still maintained on the island in his harbor, invited Redbeard to come and aid in driving them out. He came with all readiness with an army of five thousand men, but instead of attacking the Spaniards he murdered Eutemi, and was proclaimed the ruler of Algiers by the fickle people. His career, however, was short. Only two years after this he was killed in battle by the Spaniards, who carried home his head and his armor, and bore them in triumphal procession through many a town and city of Spain.

The younger brother of Redbeard succeeded him, inheriting his terrible nickname as well as his power. The second Barbarossa was more crafty than the first. He at once sought annexation to the Turkish empire to strengthen himself withal, and received the appointment of Viceroy and a reinforcement of two thousand janizaries. In 1530 the island in the harbor held by the Spaniards was captured through the treachery of a soldier of the garrison. Thousands of captives were set at work to connect it with the main land by a mole, and the whole was fortified in a complete manner, years of toil and many lives being the price of the work. Thus Algiers was established as a nest of pirates, preying upon the commerce of the world. Corsairs swept the high seas as well as the waters of the Mediterranean, and the robber city was full of slaves and booty, to which every nation of Europe contributed its share.

The nations who were thus suffering from the bold depredations of the pirates began to look about them for relief for the intolerable wrong, and Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, the most powerful monarch of Europe, was importuned to undertake the work of redress. Charles organized the mightiest expedition which had ever floated on the waters of that sea. All nations interested in commerce united with alacrity in the enterprise, and contributed ships, men, and money. In July, 1537, the armada reached the place of its destination. Attacked both by land and sea, Algiers was captured with many of its defenders, but Barbarossa escaped. Contemplating this very result as a possible thing, he had privately sent away eighteen of his best ships to Bona, a harbor some two hundred and fifty miles east of Algiers. When he found himself defeated he fled to Bona and put to sea with the remnant of his fleet. Charles returned home in triumph, carrying with him twenty thousand captives whom he had liberated from slavery, and whom he justly regarded as the noblest trophies that ever graced a victory. He also

reduced to slavery ten thousand Moors whom he captured with the city.

The defeated Redbeard soon showed that his misfortunes had no wise improved his morals or cooled his courage. While the victorious Emperor was sailing homeward, Barbarossa with his eighteen ships steered for the island of Minorca, captured Port Mahon, plundered it of an immense booty in money, merchandise, and military stores, together with six thousand captives, returned to Algiers, and began to repair the city and erect new fortifications. Two or three years after this he gave up his pachalic and became the commander of the Ottoman fleet, which office he held for many years, and, contrary to all the rules of poetic justice, died in peace.

Hassan Aga, a native of Sardinia, succeeded him in power at Algiers, and piracy went on as boldly as ever. The sea was still covered with swift cruisers, and thousands of slaves, gathered from every nation and kindred, toiled and suffered in the pirate city. Charles was importuned to become a second time the minister of vengeance. Even the Pope united in the petition, imploring him to exterminate the lawless race. In the year 1541 Charles organized another expedition on a grand scale of preparation. Reaching the African coast, he attempted to land his army during a violent storm, which wrecked half the fleet and utterly disabled even the troops that reached the shore. Hassan, seeing the state of the enemy, attacked and defeated them with great loss. So many were captured, and in so miserable a condition, that slaves for once were a drug in the Algerine market, and it is said that some of them were sold for an onion apiece. This disaster so disheartened the powers engaged in the expedition, that for many years there was no serious energetic effort made to curb the audacity of the pirate States. The voyages of the corsairs were bolder and more extended than ever, reaching regions hitherto deemed safe from their depredations. Capturing large vessels and fitting them up as men-of-war, they pushed out boldly into the Atlantic in search of spoil. In the year 1631 Algerine corsairs landed on the coast of Ireland and plundered the town of Baltimore, carrying off two hundred and thirty-seven captives of all ages, who were taken to Algiers and sold at public auction in the slave market. Even remote Iceland was visited, and hundreds of its inhabitants were carried away and sold into slavery.

Thus for three hundred years the Barbary States warred against the commerce of the

world and lived upon the fruits of piracy. The maritime nations were strong enough to subdue the common enemy if any thing like a united effort had been made; but many things conspired to prevent this. England, France, and Holland were powerful on the sea, but they were sometimes at war among themselves, and even in times of peace were too jealous of each other to unite in any thing for the general good. These nations, too, could send men-of-war to protect their fleets of merchantmen, which the weaker nations were not able to do; and thus the terror of the corsairs gave the trade of the world into the hands of the strong. Moreover, the Barbary States needed supplies of various kinds; England and Holland sold them what they wanted to fit out their pirate fleets, and to break up the robber nest would destroy a trade in which great gains were reaped.

But let us be just to the Algerines. They contended that they were not amateur assassins and voluntary stealers of men, but were driven by their necessities. When England had negotiated a solemn treaty with the Dey, and found that her ships continued to be captured as remorselessly as before the compact, she remonstrated at the want of faith, and received the cool reply that "the Algerines were born pirates and not able to subsist by any other means." This answer, we confess, strikes us with some force. It has high modern authority in its favor. Only a few years ago an American statesman, now happily ex-president of the United States, united with two or three other equally wise and patriotic men in a formal declaration that we ought to annex the island of Cuba, buying it of Spain if she would sell it, but hinting very broadly that our necessities would impel us to take it by force if there was no smoother way. So the piratical logic of the Algerine agrees with the doctrine of the Ostend letter. And then, had not the Algerine been a devout believer in the Koran and unacquainted with the Bible, he might have quoted, "Cursed be Canaan," and argued that this is a command, that he was bound to obey it and curse somebody, and that, finding it paid pretty well, he was disposed to be very zealous in his obedience. So far as we can discover no Santon of the Moslem faith undertook to prove that slavery is a divine institution, which shows that some men without the Bible know more of the nature of true religion than some do with it and whole libraries to help them understand it. We are surprised that the Dey did not at least apply the *argumentum ad hominem*, and inquire on what

principle he was called to account for annually importing into Africa a few thousand laborers who were very much needed there, particularly smiths and ship carpenters, while those who arraigned him were constantly fomenting wars on the western coast of the same continent and carrying thence every year tens of thousands of victims into an exile and a bondage from which death alone could ransom them. Certainly, not to put too fine a point upon it, the Christian pot was as black as the Moslem kettle, and to call names, therefore, would be inappropriate as well as impolite.

In some respects the condition of the white slave in Algiers was far better than that of the blacks in the British colonies or America. If a captive had friends who could ransom him his master dealt with them in good faith and gave every opportunity for his speedy release. If the slave professed to be converted to the religious faith of his master he was at once set free and placed on an equality with the best citizens of the State. Our slaveholders consider a slave's religion one of the good points to be rehearsed to stimulate the bidding when he is placed on the auction-block. If the Christian slave in Algiers clung to the consolations of our holy faith he was permitted to worship God in his own way. It is even related that one Moslem master who owned many slaves who were Catholics bought a priest to minister to them, and sent them regularly once a week to confession. Women were treated with respect, and were lodged in a public building provided for the purpose. Captives who had no present prospect of being ransomed and were able to work were made to labor for the benefit of their owners. In many cases they were at liberty to seek any employment that suited them, provided they made fair wages and gave two-thirds of their earnings to the master, reserving the remainder for their own support. This allowance was made them not only when employed by private persons, but when building or repairing vessels for the government. The rate of wages was such that many in a few years saved enough to purchase their freedom. Some acquired a little capital and went into trade, and prospered, in many cases acquiring property. The poorest and most improvident were not worked very hard. Their daily task was done when the voices from the minarets called the faithful to afternoon prayer, which was three hours before sunset. On Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, no work was done, nor were they forced to labor during the Ramidan, the Lent of the Moslem ritual. When the work was

peculiarly laborious they were divided into companies and worked on alternate days. It is probable that there were cruel masters and many cases of individual hardship. Still, comparing their condition with that of slaves in Christian lands, it was not the worst. The masses of them were well fed and comfortably lodged. Some lived well, giving dinner parties occasionally and getting up dramatic performances to make the time pass less heavily, no doubt making the impression upon the minds of sentimental pirates that they were contented and happy, and a great deal better off as slaves than when they were free. The hope of rescue was kept alive. An order of monks was established called the Brothers of Redemption, who devoted themselves to the good work of collecting funds for the ransom of those who were friendless and poor, and money was begged all through Europe for the society. The Algerine Government encouraged the Brothers in their benevolent enterprise, and gave them a building in the city for their quarters.

A touching story is told of a Capuchin friar, who was captured by a corsair and carried to Algiers. He was the confessor and personal friend of John of Austria, who was at once made acquainted with the fate of the unfortunate priest and with the price demanded for his ransom. While waiting to hear from his friend the friar wandered about the city inquiring after the welfare of his fellow-captives. One thing deeply pained his pious heart. He found that there was no burial-place allotted to the Christians, and that when any of them died his body was thrown outside of the walls to be devoured by the wild dogs that abounded there. In due time the ransom money arrived and was placed in the hands of the captive; but, with the noblest forgetfulness of self, instead of redeeming himself from his bondage, he devoted the gold to the purchase of a burial-place for the exiles, and spent the rest of his life ministering to their necessities, resigning forever home and friends.

On the general question of their condition General Eaton, who was United States Consul at Tunis in the year 1799, states that "truth and justice demand the confession that the Christian slaves among the barbarians of Africa are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among the Christians of civilized America."

But while the "divine institution," as a certain Church dignitary would have us esteem it, was flourishing to the great gain of the Algerines, the nations whose commerce was

preyed upon, and whose citizens were enslaved, became more and more restive under the scourge. They tried to make treaties with Algiers, and sought by paying tribute to secure their vessels from capture. England, France, and for a time the United States bowed themselves to this unseemly yoke. The Dey duly pocketed the money and promised; but the wrong continued.

In 1646 the Parliament of England voted ten thousand pounds to ransom English captives in Algiers, and the agent sent on the business found in the pirate city seven hundred and fifty of his countrymen, of whom the money at his disposal sufficed to purchase only two hundred and forty at thirty-eight pounds each. During that century five or six attempts were made to humble the common enemy. In 1688 a powerful French fleet bombarded the city and reduced it to a mass of ruins; but it was soon rebuilt, and the old trade was in full operation. About the year 1750 the number of Christian slaves in Algiers was estimated at thirty thousand, while in Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco there were twelve thousand more. The United States at first tried the virtue of treaties, and submitted to the degradation of paying tribute; but this mode of dealing with the evil neither accorded with the spirit of our people nor secured the desired result. In 1800 Captain Bainbridge, in the frigate *George Washington*, was sent to Algiers bearing a large tribute to the Dey, who received it and repaid the act by a deliberate insult to the nation and its flag. The next year war began between the United States and Tripoli; but nothing effectual was done or even attempted on the part of the Americans till the Summer of 1803, when Commodore Preble was sent with a squadron to "conquer a peace." On arriving before the city the frigate *Philadelphia*, of forty-four guns, was sent to reconnoiter. Pursuing too eagerly a small Tripolitan vessel which was entering the harbor, the frigate ran aground and was captured. The gallant Bainbridge and his officers were considered prisoners of war; the crew were treated as slaves. The Tripolitans got the vessel off the shoals and put a crew on board, exulting beyond measure at their acquisition of strength. Bainbridge from his prison found means to send a letter to Commodore Preble suggesting a mode of capturing the ship, and in February, 1804, Lieutenant Decatur, with a small vessel and only seventy-six men, entered the harbor, boarded the frigate, and captured it. The batteries on all sides beginning a rapid cannonade, and the vessels of the Tripolitans

getting under way to intercept them, it was found impossible to take the ship out of the harbor; the Americans, therefore, set fire to her and she was burned. The brave Decatur escaped to the fleet without the loss of a man. A few months afterward peace was concluded, the Dey accepting sixty thousand dollars as the ransom of his captives, and engaging no more to molest American commerce.

In regard to Algiers things were still unsettled. During the last war with England the corsairs had done us all the harm in their power, and hundreds of American slaves were toiling in the workshops and navy-yards of the pirate city. No sooner was peace made with England than Congress resolved finally to settle the contest so long pending with the Barbary States. In May, 1815, Commodore Decatur with a fleet of ten ships sailed for the Mediterranean. On his way he fought and captured the Algerine frigate *Mashouda*, of forty-six guns and four hundred and fifty men, also a brig of twenty guns. The fleet reached Algiers on the 28th of June. The Dey, seeing the force arrayed against him, and his best man-of-war in the hands of the enemy, at once agreed to terms of peace, relinquishing his claims to tribute, and pledging himself henceforth to respect the American flag. The fleet then visited Tripoli and Tunis and secured similar treaties with them. This prompt and vigorous action ended all trouble between the Americans and the Barbary States, and raised the reputation of our infant navy throughout Europe.

The next year, 1816, England followed the good example set her by America. Lord Exmouth with a powerful fleet arrived before Algiers, and made in substance the same demands that Decatur had made in the name of the United States. The Dey refused, and the British commander inflicted summary punishment upon the refractory robber of the seas. The city was destroyed, the fortifications were battered down, the fleet of pirate ships was burned, and Algiers was a mass of ruins. The Dey came to terms after this terrible blow, released three thousand captives, relinquished his claim on England for the annual tribute, and bound himself to respect henceforth the English flag by land and sea.

In 1830 France also appealed to force to secure her rights. An army of thirty-eight thousand men landed on the Algerine coast and captured the city, and from that time Algeria has been a French colony, though by no means a peaceful and prosperous one. The native tribes are as fierce and turbulent as

ever, and to hold possession costs every year a large expenditure of life as well as treasure. Thus, after three centuries of prosperous piracy, the occupation of the bold freebooters was wrested from them, and white slavery ceased on the shores of the Mediterranean we trust forever.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

We gayly roam through our beauteous home—
Our land is the fair blue sky;
We see the sun with its radiance bright
And meteors as they fly;
We see the gorgeous rainbow come
With its ever-varying hue,
As we wander on through our lovely home
High up in the sky so blue.

We look on all earth's wide domains,
On all its lands and climes,
On the sweet and sunny Italy,
That land of by-gone times;
We view its monumental piles,
Its types of days long past,
And we look on the ivy lovingly twined
Around its columns vast.

Then we sail away to other lands
Without aid of wind or tide,
For we need not any earthly power
To help us as we glide.
We view the clear and sparkling lakes
Of the Switzer's mountain home,
And we see the honest mountaineer
Content through his valleys roam.

Living in peace in his quiet land,
Tenderly guarding his flocks,
Blessing the God who gave him a home
Hemmed by the mountain rocks,
Looking up to cities of ice,
Turrets, and towers, and spires,
His heart grows lofty in its pursuits
And holy in its desires.

He hears us sing through the lonely hours
When the nights are starry and cold,
Of the Shepherd who lovingly gathers in
The lambs that stray from the fold.
And as he walks in his narrow sphere
From the mighty world apart,
He looks to Heaven with a holy trust
As our music stirs his heart.

There are some who will not bless the stars,
Where they think they read their fate,
And they say we are "unlucky ones,"
Though we watch them long and late,
And turning away from the lights above,
And weary and sad with pain,
They never hear in the Wint'ry eves
The melody of our strain.

EASTER THOUGHTS.
THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"**H**E that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." The most satisfying evidence of the divine origin and divine power of Christianity is that inward experience realized by every devout believer in the life, death, resurrection, ascension, and continued intercession of our blessed Lord. The quiet of the soul, the freedom from guilt and condemnation, the conscious love of God shed abroad in the heart, the present delightful fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and the blessed hope of a glorious immortality hereafter, all of which spring up in the soul when the life of Christ is realized and the conditions of his Gospel complied with, are realities in our Christian experience which could only originate from a real Christ and from the power of a real salvation. "He that doeth the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine." This is the Christian's evidence, the inward witness, that needs but little argument or external evidence to confirm it; hence is the strongest and most satisfying.

The best external evidence of Christianity is the fact of its existence and power in the world, a fact which could no more exist, or no more be accounted for without an historical and divine foundation, than could the wonderful personal experience which is the heritage of all true believers. A form of religion, full of life and power, propagating itself by its own inherent power of inspiration, overcoming evil and developing godliness, resisting mighty obstacles and transforming men and nations, producing in all ages and in all places devout disciples, earnest propagandists, willing martyrs, suffering reformers, and triumphing saints, is a phenomenon which has been under the world's eye for eighteen centuries. Its origin was humble, its beginning small. Its central figure is a humble Jew, rejected of his countrymen, condemned as a malefactor and disturber of the peace, cast out and publicly crucified with other offenders against his country's laws. Yet from this despised Nazarene—this crucified Jesus—has gone forth into the world this inexhaustible power of inspiration, this reforming, sanctifying, triumphing religion, which is as full of energy and self-propagating power in our day as it has ever been. The individual Christian still testifies that "Jesus Christ hath power on earth to forgive sins," and daily history still testifies that the religion of Christ "is the power of

God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

Surely the last chapter in the primitive circumstances of this marvelous history can not be the scenes of Calvary. From the death of the Master, and the consequent despair of his disciples to the subsequent enthusiasm and inspiration which sent them forth as zealous, suffering, yet triumphing and joyous preachers of righteousness, there must extend another chapter, the revelations of which must contain the secret of this new inspiration. That chapter, the disciples tell us, records the triumphant resurrection of Jesus. It is this connecting link which touches the cross on the one side and the life of the Church on the other, which closes up the circle, and even enables us to see the source and the course of that divine inspiration which first reanimated the drooping disciples, and which has been flowing in a continuous stream through all the life of the Church. Let us look at the relation of this great fact—the resurrection of Christ—to the truth and power of Christianity.

Jesus was dead. The circumstances of his crucifixion left no doubt of this. Nine hours upon the cross would have been sufficient to settle this question, had not the spear of the soldier, penetrating doubtless to the heart of the victim, bringing forth both water and blood, and making a wound large enough to admit subsequently the hand of Thomas, made this fact doubly sure. His disciples, overwhelmed with confusion and disappointment, left him to his fate. Two friends, occupying higher positions in life than the poor disciples, and less intimately connected with Christ, and therefore less exposed to suspicion and arrest by the Jews, solicited his body and gave it a temporary burial in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. The suspicious rulers, having some vague idea of a resurrection, made sure of the sepulcher by placing upon it the seal of the governor, and around it a guard of Roman soldiers. The poor disciples were confounded and in despair. Strange as it may seem to us, they had either forgotten, or perhaps, more correctly, had never rightly understood their Lord's declaration of his speedy resurrection. However difficult it may be to us to understand why these declarations of Christ produced so little impression upon them, and why they were so little understood by them, yet such was the fact, and they themselves affirm it. Says St. Luke, chapter xviii, 34, speaking upon this very point, "They understood none of these things: and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken." So also St. Mark—

ix, 32—"They understood not that saying, and were afraid to ask him." And more strange still, even on the morning of the resurrection, after Mary Magdalene had reported to Peter and John that something marvelous had taken place, and the tomb of Christ was empty, and these disciples had gone to the sepulcher, and Peter had looked in, and John had gone in and found the tomb empty, John himself tells us, "As yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead; and they went away again unto their own home." John xix, 9, 10. We read these great events in the light of the full history, and of history, too, written by the disciples, not in the darkness and confusion which seemed to hang over them during the life of the Savior, but in the light which flashed upon all these sayings by their fulfillment in the triumphant resurrection and glorious ascension of their Lord. Hence the allusions and declarations of Christ concerning his death and resurrection are plain enough to us, but to the apostles, before the event, they were inscrutable. The state of the case is well presented by St. John, when, on another occasion, he says, "These things understood not his disciples at the first; but when Jesus was glorified, then remembered they that these things were written of him, and that they had done these things unto him." John xii, 16.

The disciples were in despair. Their hopes were all blasted. He whom they thought to be the Messiah, the Son of God, was dead. They were not expecting his resurrection. Despondent and hopeless, they had fled from the cross, and were meditating a return to their former avocations. But in a little time we see in them a wonderful change. From a state of despair and hopelessness they are by some means revived. They are again brought together; they avow themselves anew to be the disciples of the crucified Lord; they begin under the very shadow of his cross to preach his Gospel, to proclaim him the Messiah, the Savior of the world. They live, they labor, they suffer, they die, for the name of Christ. How will we account for this astonishing transition in the feeling, the character, the conduct of the disciples? That power that aroused them out of their despair into a life of intense activity was the vital power of Christianity—the power that still pervades the Christian Church, that still inspires the disciples of Jesus, that still sends his Gospel triumphing through the world. What was it? Was it human? Was it divine? Was it truth, or was it falsehood? Was it loving zeal, or a lying imposture?

These devout men tell us that in the early

morning of the first day of the week, three loving women, in tearful sorrow, hopeless as were the disciples themselves, wended their way to the tomb of Jesus, bearing spices to embalm his dead body. The tomb was open; the soldiers were gone; the sepulcher was empty. To one after another of these devout women the risen Christ appeared; then to two of the disciples; then to ten of them; then to the full eleven; then on various occasions and to various numbers; then to five hundred at once; and then triumphantly in the sight of all ascended to heaven. Another witness, more abundant in labors, in zeal, in sufferings than they, arises soon after and declares that he, too, had seen the Lord, and in his case also the fact produces a transition as marvelous as in the case of the other apostles. Now the disciples, recovered from their despair, testified to all men, beginning at Jerusalem itself, the resurrection of Christ; consecrated their lives with the most unwearied zeal and astonishing devotedness to the service of their crucified but risen Lord; endured trials, sufferings, imprisonments, tortures, and death, declaring to the last, Christ had risen from the dead and appeared to them, and not one ever recanted or betrayed his testimony. How natural, how consistent, how truthful, how entirely sufficient and satisfactory, is this solution of their wonderful lives!

This solution demonstrates the divinity of Christ and the divine origin of Christianity. But is it possible to find any other solution? May it be that the disciples agreed to impose on mankind and give out that Christ arose from the dead and appeared to them? This will not solve the case; it is not sufficient to account for the change and for the lives of astonishing devotedness exhibited by the disciples. Men have been known to labor, and suffer, and even die for opinions which afterward were known to be false; but even in these cases the opinions were honestly believed by the sufferers. The case of the disciples, however, is very different from this; it was not an opinion; it was a question of fact, the truth or falsehood of which was certainly known. If Christ rose not from the dead, these holy, zealous, suffering men knew that they were proclaiming a falsehood to the world! How could this, then, inspire the lives of wonderful zeal and devotion for which we are seeking a solution? Men do not labor and suffer martyrdom for a known falsehood. Nor to this deception was there any motive. On the contrary, to testify the resurrection of Christ was to them the loss of all things. Whatever may have produced the conviction in them, it is evident

that such constancy, zeal, and devotedness, such faithfulness in all, even unto death, required something real at the bottom of it, and that that reality was a true and abiding belief in the resurrection of Christ.

But the poor, forsaken, and desponding disciples were not expecting the resurrection of Jesus. In his death they had lost all hope of their Messiah. They could not agree, therefore, to invent the story of his resurrection, for the idea itself was not present with them. His resurrection, when it actually took place, was to them a matter of surprise. But they began their testimony in Jerusalem, within a short period after the crucifixion. If Jesus rose not, then they must in some way have disposed of the body of Christ, which was in the custody of the Jews, and under a guard of soldiers, or that body could at once have been brought forward to confute and expose them.

But while it is so evident that these godly, zealous, suffering men must really have believed that their Lord had risen, is it not possible that this belief may in some way have been originated among them without requiring the actual resurrection of Jesus? Could they have been deceived? The wisdom of the skeptic world has only conceived of three methods by which there could have been any possibility of deception on the part of the disciples: first, by some one attempting to impose himself upon them as their risen Lord; secondly, by a dream, or vision, or overheated imagination; thirdly, by the temporary resuscitation of Jesus himself, which in some rare cases is said to have happened after crucifixion.

The first is simply absurd. No motive that we can conceive could present itself to any one to attempt such an imposition. No enemy of Christ would of course attempt it; no friend of Jesus, who knew that, in order to deceive the disciples, he must appear before them in the character and with the wonderful attributes of Christ, would attempt it. Whoever would undertake it, must appear as Christ; must exhibit the personal appearance, the voice, the manners, the powers of Jesus; he must show the marks of crucifixion in his hands and feet, and be prepared to allow a doubting Thomas to thrust his hand into his side. The disciples were not in a mood to be easily imposed upon. Christ himself had to prove for them the reality of his resurrection and his identity. The impostor must find some way of getting the body of the crucified Jesus out of the way. He must provide for some remarkable way of withdrawing himself from the disciples. To die would destroy all his imposition, and reduce

the disciples again into the same state in which they were after the death of Christ. Suddenly and mysteriously to withdraw himself from them would produce the same effect.

But could they have been deceived by a vision, a dream, an imagination? In this case several persons must have had the same vision, for a mere vision, or dream, or hallucination of one or two overheated imaginations would not suffice to produce the devoted and self-sacrificing lives of the disciples. We have already seen that nothing but something real, something of a definite form and statement, truly and profoundly believed by the disciples, can be accepted as a solution of their wonderful lives. Hence these visions or dreams must have appeared in the way, and at the times, in the order, and under the circumstances related by these disciples. It must have appeared to the three women at the sepulcher, to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, to Peter and John, to the ten disciples, to all the disciples, to the multitude assembled on Olivet, to Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, for these are the statements for which these holy men labored, suffered, and died. If a series of visions or fancies thus presented themselves to the disciples, it is as marvelous as the resurrection of Christ; if they did not thus present themselves, then the disciples, in so proclaiming it and so writing it, were guilty of known falsehood. But what would produce this heated imagination which would lead several of the disciples to fancy that Jesus had appeared to them? They were not in the state of mind that is liable to fancies and hallucinations; they were not laboring under heated imaginations and enthusiastic anticipations. They were in despair. Christ was dead, and they were not expecting his resurrection. So far from being in that state of excited expectation that would render them liable to an easy delusion, they were so far hopeless and despondent, that they doubted, questioned, and tested the actual occurrence. To explain the wonderful transition in the minds of the apostles from hopeless despondency to enthusiastic devotion, by the supposition of certain fanciful delusions springing from enthusiasm, is to confound all the facts in the case, and to make an effect the cause of itself. Nor will it do to place the resurrection of Jesus among the supposed mythical accretions which grew upon Christianity in later years; for it is the apostles that preach it and write it, and it is their own marvelous lives that can be only solved by it. But this vision theory involves the same difficulty so constantly met with—What became of the body of the dead Christ?

If it were still in the tomb, it was there to enable the disciples to correct their hallucinations, or the Jews to confound them.

But could they have been deceived by a temporary resuscitation of Christ himself? This, it is evident, would throw the imposition on Jesus himself. It is making Christ, after being crucified, temporarily revive, and, during this temporary existence, practice the most aggravated imposition on his disciples. If Jesus was what he claimed to be, the Son of God, he could have risen from the dead—his resurrection would be perfectly natural—and he would neither need, nor could he be guilty of practicing, an imposition on his disciples by means of an accidental resuscitation. If he was not Divine, then his accidental resuscitation, if it were possible, must be just like that of any other man under similar circumstances. After lying in the grave for three days, without attention or medical aid, he must recover from the effects of his wounds, and present himself, worn and feeble, in a miserable, sickly life, to his despairing disciples. Would this revive their drooping spirits? Would he be in a good condition to represent himself as having risen triumphantly from the dead? What could he do more than lead among them a wretched life of suffering, the object of their pity and nurturing care, instead of the God of their worship and adoration? Soon he would sink again under the effects of his wounds, leaving his disciples in the same disconsolate state in which he had found them. Surely such a resurrection will not explain the transition in the minds of the apostles. But whatever may have happened in some very rare cases, so rare that we know of no well-authenticated case of a resuscitation after the terrible work of crucifixion was fully completed, we need but recall the circumstances which preceded, accompanied, and followed the crucifixion of Jesus, to be satisfied that resuscitation in his case was impossible. Worn-out and exhausted by trials and sufferings, so that he sank under the weight of his own cross, hanging on the cross for nine terrible hours, found dead by the soldiers, whose business it was to be assured of this fact, pierced to the very heart by the soldier's spear to remove all doubt, removed from the cross and placed in the sepulcher without attention, a large stone rolled to the door, and a guard placed before it, when Jesus rolled away the stone and came forth from the tomb, it must have been as a conquering God, triumphing over death and hell, and not as a poor, wounded, wretched man stealing back to a miserable life.

One fact that is perpetually recurring in the

history of these wonderful events is, that on the third day the body of Jesus was missing from the tomb. Apart from the resurrection, how will we account for this fact? What satisfactory solution has ever been offered, what solution at all, indeed, except the self-contradictory story of the Jewish rulers? And yet every supposition that can be invented to evade the fact of the actual resurrection, involves the getting away of the body of Christ, otherwise that body remaining in the tomb is there to confound all imposition and to refute all falsehood. If the apostles had concluded to practice a deception, the body must be got out of the way; if any one wished to practice a deception on the disciples, the body must be removed; if visions, dreams, or excited fancies were imposing on the disciples, the body was still there to cure these hallucinations; if even Jesus had accidentally recovered from the effects of his crucifixion, still he must make his escape from the tomb and through the guard of soldiers. The disciples tell us, and every conceivable supposition requires it, that on the third day the tomb was found empty! The body was gone! Its silence proclaims the resurrection. Its emptiness confounds all skepticism. "He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay!"

That empty sepulcher, the new and wondrous lives of his apostles, the conscious experience and quickening spirit that pervade his Church, are the demonstrations of the resurrection of Christ; his resurrection is the demonstration with power, that he is the Son of God!

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.

IF you have an enemy, and an opportunity occurs to benefit him in matters great or small, act like a gentleman, and do him good service without hesitation. If you would know what it is to feel noble and "strong within yourself," do this secretly and keep it secret. A man who can act thus will soon feel at ease any where. It is said of Callot, the eminent French artist and engraver of the seventeenth century, that he was once slandered in a pasquinade by a certain nobleman of the court. At that time, to have one's portrait engraved by Callot was an object of ambition with the highest dignitaries of the kingdom, and it was attained by very few. Callot's answer to the injury was to publish a superbly-executed likeness of his enemy, with an inscription setting forth his titles and great deeds. To this day the incident is cited as an example of proud nobility of soul. Callot was in the highest sense polite.

OUR EMPIRE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY BISHOP D. W. CLARK.

NUMBER I.

THOUGH I made pretty full notes during my visit to the Pacific coast, I have since found other duties too pressing and imperious to do much with them. My purpose now is not to give a detailed narrative, but to communicate to the reader a few aspects of the country that struck me with force, and especially in connection with my own experiences and observations.

ITS AREA AND CAPABILITIES.

Much as has been said about our Pacific slope, very few have any adequate idea of the magnificent area and capabilities of this part of our national domain. Its shape is an irregular oblong of over twelve hundred miles in length, ranging north-west and south-east, and about nine hundred miles in width from the Pacific shore to the summit range of the Rocky Mountains. This would give an area of about 1,000,000 square miles. But how much is that? What kind of an impression do the figures make? Vague enough, I have no doubt. Well, then, let us try to make the impression a little more definite.

Ohio is one of the great States of the Union. It has an area of 39,964 square miles, and in 1860 had a population of 2,339,502. Now, if we divide the square miles—1,000,000—in our Pacific domain by the number—39,964—of the square miles in the State of Ohio, we shall have 25 for a quotient. That is, we have area enough west of the Rocky Mountains to make TWENTY-FIVE STATES, each equal in extent to the State of Ohio! And should that region ever become as densely populated only as Ohio was in 1860, it will number 58,487,550 souls. Or, in round numbers, SIXTY MILLIONS!

Does any one consider this an extravagant estimate, and these results lying beyond the range of possibility? Let him remember that Ohio is as yet only sparsely populated. Massachusetts is already more than twice as densely populated as Ohio. With an area of 9,800 square miles, she has a population of 1,231,066. This would give for our Pacific region, if as densely populated as the old Bay State, a population of 125,568,732. If, then, we take into account the dense population that may be sustained in mineral regions of inexhaustible wealth, in the fine agricultural regions, the richest perhaps upon the globe, at points predestined to become great commercial centers,

and also along the great inland thoroughfare, destined not far in the future to become the highway of the world's commerce—if we take all these things into the account, our estimate of SIXTY MILLIONS is by no means extravagant.

TOPOGRAPHICAL CONFORMATION.

This vast domain is divided into three parts. The first is the belt along the sea-coast, from forty to one hundred miles in width, extending from the Pacific shore to the coast range. The second is the valley between the coast range and that lofty mountain range, known as the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California and the Cascade Mountains in Oregon. This valley varies in width from one to three hundred miles. Next comes the great interior basin or valley, from five to seven hundred miles in width, extending from the Sierra Nevada and Cascade to the Rocky Mountains. This great valley is, for the most part, from four to five thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Thus by three successive stages of ascent, or table elevations, we are brought up to the footfall of that great range which may be regarded as the "backbone" of the North American part of the continent.

These grand mountain ranges are diversified by peaks, and passes, and spurs shooting out in almost every conceivable direction, and forming valleys, many of them of surprising beauty and fertility. And not unfrequently are they split into smaller parallel ranges. But still the identity of each great range is never lost. The coast range, with its sinuosities, can be traced the whole length of Oregon and far toward the southern line of California. Besides the Columbia, the Umpqua, Rogue, Klamath, and Sacramento rivers break through this range on their way to the ocean. The Sierra Nevada rises to a higher altitude, and its summits, for long ranges, are in many places capped with perpetual snow. Among its peaks are Jefferson, which we saw from the Calipooia Mountains seventy miles distant, and Mount Hood, plainly visible at Salem, ninety miles away, and Shasta, of which we shall hereafter make mention.

The Sierra Nevada and Cascade range rise up in an unbroken wall to dam back the waters of the great inland valley and prevent their flow directly toward the Pacific coast. The Columbia, on the northern boundary of Oregon, is the only river that has broken through this dam. Hence we have so few rivers of any great length or capable of navigation on the Pacific coast. The rivers generally rise in the western slope of the coast range. A few only

penetrate inland as far as the second great tier of mountains.

THE GREAT INTERIOR VALLEY.

The great interior basin or valley is drained in the north by the Snake River and its tributaries, which it stretches southward almost to the very margin of the Great Salt Lake. At the south its waters are either lost in the sands of the desert, or find their drainage into the Gulf of California through the Colorado of the West. Not a few rivers of some magnitude and volume are, in their course, entirely sucked up by the sands or evaporated by the fervid sun, so that they have no known connection with the ocean. Even the Great Salt Lake, though several rivers and streams are constantly flowing into it, has no outlet.

In this region lie the new State of Nevada, the eastern half of the State of Oregon, and the Territories of Arizona, Utah, and Idaho; also the western half of New Mexico, part of Colorado, and the eastern half of Washington. It has but little inland navigation, being nowhere penetrated by navigable rivers to any great extent. Large tracts are merely deserts of sand—the sand being mixed with alkaline substance so as to render it peculiarly troublesome to the eye and lips of the traveler. For long reaches the only vegetation that relieves the monotony is the ever-recurring sage brush, with here and there little tufts of grass struggling for life against the adverse elements. This, however, must not be taken for a general description of the country. Fertile valleys of large extent and of great promise have already been discovered and settled. And when the country is more thoroughly explored, a much smaller portion of it probably will be found waste and barren than is now supposed. It contains some of the richest deposits of the precious metals known, and they are being rapidly developed. The "Washoe" region, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, is known world-wide. The mining regions of Reese River, of Humboldt, of Owyhee, and of Idaho are aggregating population and capital into those regions with wonderful rapidity. New mineral districts are also being opened up, and new discoveries being made almost monthly. The vastness of the resources and the capabilities of this region can now only be conjectured. In fact, the reality here so often transcends conjecture, that it is well to "wait for the facts."

Regular graded roads, where such are necessary, and daily stage routes are already established on the great thoroughfares of this region. But the only thing that can secure adequate

conveyance for passengers and transportation for goods, is the establishment of a great system of inland railroads. And these will come—not, it is true, *in due time*, but after a time. First, the great Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, belting the shores of the two oceans. This is no longer regarded as a question of doubt, except as to the time of its completion. Five millions of English gold are already preparing the way for the iron horse to scale the Sierra Nevadas to secure an outlet from the great interior region to San Francisco. The great trunk once established, it will run out its tributaries in every possible direction.

YOSEMITE AND THE BIG TREES.

Among the wonders of the Sierra Nevada Mountains are the Yosemite Valley and Falls. This valley is a chasm on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, in the latitude of San Francisco, and 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The Merced River, rising high up in the great mountain range, at first flows to the south; but here bending abruptly to the west, pours its waters down this gorge, forming the valley with its water-falls. The valley is ten or fifteen miles in length, and from half a mile to three miles in width, and is pent up by almost perpendicular mountain walls from 2,000 to 4,000 feet in height. Its "falls" comprise five distinct cascades, varying in perpendicular fall from 350 to 2,000 feet.

Not very far from this wonder is another, which has attracted in a still larger degree the attention of the scientific world. We refer to the grove of mammoth trees—*sequoia gigantea*—situated also upon the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. In this grove are counted over four hundred mammoth trees, the largest ranging from 20 to 34 feet in diameter, and from 275 to 325 feet in height! One of the ancients of this forest that is fallen and partly decayed, is supposed to have been forty feet in diameter and not less than 400 feet in height! The tree is a cone-bearing evergreen. But what is remarkable in a tree of such enormous bulk, both the cone and the leaf are very small—the former being scarcely larger than a hen's egg; the latter not more than three-quarters of an inch in length and less than half that in breadth. Whatever of grandeur may be possessed by the mammoth tree, it is not in the cone, nor yet in its leaf. Other conifers, insignificant when compared with these, bear cones as large as a pineapple, and in the regions of tropical growth leaves that must be measured by the foot, are not unfrequently seen. But its bark bears some proportion to the magnitude of the subject it

incases. Will our readers credit the assertion that on the largest trees the bark is not less than from twelve to eighteen inches in thickness?

The grove above spoken of is in Mariposa county. Several other groves containing similar trees have been discovered. That in Calaveras county is perhaps the most remarkable of all. In it there have been counted ninety-two trees that are over fifteen feet in diameter. One of these fallen monarchs of the forest is said to have been forty feet in diameter and not less than four hundred and fifty feet in height. It took five men twenty-two days, working with large augers, to cut one of these trees down. Its circumference is ninety-two feet, and its height three hundred. A section of its bark is in the London Crystal Palace. It is said that the rings or layers indicating its yearly growth have been counted, and they fix its age at a little over nineteen hundred years. The growth of nearly half a century was upon it before the Savior was born and the Christian era began. What changes have passed over the face of the earth, and how many generations of the human family have passed away, while these ancient forest monarchs have been battling with the tempests and the storms!

APPROACH TO SHASTA.

Having left Jacksonville, in Oregon, about 2 o'clock, A. M., we breakfasted at the northern foot-fall of the Siskiyou Mountains, and immediately after commenced their ascent. Our road lay through a deep cañon, densely shaded by the ancient forest. And as we progressed in our winding and toilsome ascent, the driver pointed out the scenes of Indian barbarities in former years. Through this mountain defile most of the emigrant trains to and fro between California and Oregon had passed, and it was a place admirably adapted to savage ambuscade. The general course of the Siskiyou range is east and west. It is probably a spur from the coast range shot off toward the Cascade Mountains, which latter in this latitude and for one hundred miles south are broken up into irregular mountain masses, often isolated almost entirely from each other. This Siskiyou range marks the line between Oregon and California.

It was 10 o'clock when we reached the summit and looked down into the long reaches of the Klamath Valley. Just then my attention was attracted by a white November cloud, conical in form, with dark streaks ribbing its sides, and the whole apparently suspended at its apex from the heavens and poised in the air. An intervening range cut off from our sight the

base of this singularly-formed cloud. And this, with the clearness of the atmosphere, deceived me as to its distance.

A second look raised a question whether it was really a cloud. "What is that?" said I to the driver. "Old Shasta," was his laconic reply. Strangely enough it had never occurred to me that I was within eye-shot of this grand old mountain. Yet there it stood, apparently not more than five miles distant, its hoary summit seeming to reach up to and touch the blue vault of heaven. The dark stripes tending downward, that diversified my cloud, were evidently projections of the basalt sides of the mountain from which the snow had been blown by the wind. It was a sight of surpassing wonder. Our course lay right in its direction. I longed to reach its base, and only wished that I had time and company so that I might make its ascent.

Our road was good; our team strong and fleet. We descended the mountain rapidly; rode on till 1 o'clock, and then stopped and dined. There stood "old Shasta" just the same. Resumed our course after dinner, and at 3 o'clock passed the dilapidated, wretched village of Cottonwood, in which drinking and gambling, I should judge, had ceased to be an amusement or an indulgence, and had become an *occupation*. But all along in our journey there stood "old Shasta"—no higher, no lower; no nearer and no farther—still lifting up its hoary crest to the skies. The projecting range still concealed its base, and kept up the illusion that we were very soon to reach it.

We descended to the bank of the Klamath and made a detour of some miles eastward and up the stream. There we crossed in a ferry-boat, and passing round the obstructing range, came in full view of this monument of Almighty Power. It was separated from us by an open, broad, intervening prairie. Still it seemed no nearer than when first we saw it six hours before. A little hillock at its base looked like a stack of hay; but we were assured by a fellow-traveler who had ascended it, that it was a sturdy mountain several hundred feet in height.

We now journeyed several miles in full view of this wonder of the globe and marked its features. It rises apparently from the level plain, and in solitary grandeur towers up to the height of 14,440 feet. Its snowy cap extended full one-third the way down from its summit, even now after Summer had exhausted the full force of its fervid heats upon it. I should judge that on the very top the rock was bare, and a wreathing mist hung around

it that we might have well taken for vapor or steam escaping from pent-up fires. There were places where the bald rock was bare; but here and there were ravines and gullies in which the snow stood deep, and apparently as abiding as the rock itself. We referred to the fact that the mountain stands alone. On the east it is flanked by broken ranges and peaks, offshoots of the Sierra Nevada range, which seems in this latitude almost to have lost its identity and been by some mighty convulsion fractured into disjointed masses.

Shasta is evidently of volcanic origin. The boulders and pumice that cluster at its base and up its sides, have evidently come forth from its bowels, ejected by the force of internal fires. Near its summit is a remarkable conformation. About one-eighth the distance down there seems to have been formed another cone inclining outward from the main body of the mountain, but not reaching up to its height. Is it merely imagination, or may it be a fact that long after the main cone of the mountain had been formed its summit became crusted and hardened into solid rock; and then when, long ages after, its fires were again kindled by some internal convulsion of our earth, they burst out, not at the summit, but below it, at a weak point in the crusting, and formed this second crest?

But we will pause no longer to speculate. We have now been in sight of "Shasta" no less than seven hours, and all the while riding toward it at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. We are not less than forty-two miles nearer to it now than when that wondrous cloud arrested our attention. And yet as we turn to the right at five o'clock, to seek Yreka among the western mountains, we leave "old Shasta" thirty-three miles away. Our first vision of it was from the distance of seventy-five miles.

We have seen Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson, and many other peaks towering up into the region of eternal snow, but none of them so impressed us with their cold, solitary grandeur as did "old Shasta."

"THERE is a period at which men come to be strangely impressed with the thought, 'I'm growing old.' I suppose there is a year or two in which all have the feeling—it may not be a painful one, but it is a sad one; it is a tender, minor feeling—"I have passed my youth; I am never to be a boy again; I am never to be young any more; not only am I a man, but as a man I have signs and tokens of the failure of some parts of my organization."

EASTER DAY.

LYRA, ANGLICANA.

A PATHWAY opens from the tomb,
The grave 's a grave no more!
Stoop down; look into that sweet room;
Pass through the unsealed door;
Linger a moment by the bed,
Where lay but yesterday the Church's Head.

What is there there to make thee fear?
A folded chamber-vest,
Akin to that which thou shalt wear
When for thy slumber drest;
Two gentle angels sitting by—
How sweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie!

No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,
No emblem of decay,
No solemn sound of passing bell,
To say, "He 's gone away;"
But angel-whispers soft and clear,
And He, the risen Jesus, standing near.

"Why weepst thou? Whom seekest thou?"
'T is not the gardener's voice,
But His to whom all knees shall bow,
In whom all hearts rejoice;
The voice of Him who yesterday,
Within that rock was Death's resistless prey.

"Why weepst thou? Whom seekest thou?"
The living with the dead?"
Take young Spring flowers and deck thy brow,
For life with joy is wed!
The grave is now the grave no more;
Why fear to pass that bridal-chamber door?

Take flowers and strew them all around
The room where Jesus lay!
But softly tread; 't is hallowed ground,
And this is Easter day;
"The Lord is risen," as he said,
And thou shalt rise with him, thy risen Head.

EVENING PRAYER.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

ONCE more to yonder peaceful starlit sky,
We lift our hearts from out this vale of tears;
O Father, deign to hear us where we lie,
And with thy love disperse our doubts and fears.

It is the same sad story as of old,
Of unfought battles, or if fought, unwon;
The same forgiveness asked for dark-browed sins,
Which ate our lives out in the days agone.

For worship of the creature more than God,
For passing by our neighbor in his need,
That, though we honor Jesus with our lips,
We seldom follow where his hand would lead.

Yet pity, Father! from thy throne on high
Lean loving down to meet our broken prayer;
And may we feel a blessing touch our brows,
In the light breathings of the evening air!

INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL PERPETUITY.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

MUCH has been said and written of the human heart. The thoughts, motives, and aspirations which govern and prompt to action therein, have been themes of speculative interest to both poet and philosopher for ages. Pride, ambition, love of power, and fame, and money have been made often to figure as its most conspicuous qualities, and justly, too, it may be; yet a little deeper down, partially smothered by these, but rooted like some indigenous plant in the heart soil, is the one longing, hungering desire for perpetuity, or immortal life and remembrance. Properly directed this is one of the noblest, most godlike qualities of the human mind. Perverted, its fruits are poisonous and frequently fatal to one's happiness here and hereafter. Both individual and national proofs of this lie all around us.

Standing on the grave's brink, men build costly edifices, plant trees, perform deeds of valor, or public munificence, saying almost unconsciously to themselves, meanwhile, this or that act shall be my enduring monument. This thought and feeling, while not entirely reprehensible, has, we are happy to say in many instances, a more excellent and worthy compeer, in the form of a deep abiding love for humanity, which, blending with or forgetting personal interests, seeks to perform noble deeds, especially for the good of others.

One lives and acts with a direct reference to this world and its emoluments, receiving as his due its short-lived adulations. Another, looking beyond this world, remembers his stewardship, and builds, by deeds and words of disinterested kindness, a monument which shall endure forever. Day by day he lays the foundation for that perpetuity of life and character which will survive the overthrow of empires and the wreck of worlds.

The poet says, "T is infamy to die and not be missed." And in accordance with this sentiment individuals and nations have adopted various devices to counteract the destroying influence of time, and secure for themselves a name or position which will be enduring. Of all destinies annihilation seems the most forbidding.

Yet when, in their eagerness for perpetuity, men, like the ambitious Napoleon, ignore life's most sacred obligations, and make stepping-stones to greatness of crushed and bleeding human hearts, we can but acknowledge the justice of that verdict which stamps their memory

with reproach, or consigns their name and lineage to oblivion. Mere human greatness, what is it? Devoid of the principles and vitality which Christianity imparts, how long its duration?

Ask the Assyrian Empire, once the wonder and terror of the world! Ask that great and marvelous city which became drunken with splendor and the blood of her martyrs. Inquire even for the spot of earth on which she stood and boasted her unparalleled magnificence! Echo alone answers, Where is it?

Who of all our wise men can penetrate the dense mystery that hangs over Mexico, Bolivia, and Yucatan? Temples, palaces, and obelisks, once proud and imposing, now pitiful ruins, show that the skillful hand and busy brain of man has toiled there, but when, and who, and under what dynasty, conjecture itself is puzzled to determine. History tells us that in the days of their glory the Egyptians employed one hundred thousand men for thirty years on the building of a single pyramid! Where and what is that nation now? A wandering, dissolute people, with every vestige of their original greatness obliterated.

Men and nations sigh and struggle for perpetuity, but the relentless wave of time sweeps over them, and where are they? Their upward tendency checked perhaps forever, and their glory superseded by darkness, degradation, and ruin.

And why is this? When a nation, by herculean efforts, has overcome all obstructions and toiled up to the acme of human greatness, there must surely be some weighty cause, some secret element of weakness or destruction in its composition, else why its depression and ultimate downfall? Here and there on the pages of both sacred and profane history the solution of this mystery stands and burns with most terrible brightness—"Too much of man, too little of God!"

Truth, justice, mercy, and equality should be the corner-stones of every republic. Goodness, crowned and venerated, should have her pedestal in the foreground; but instead of this she is too often thrust back amid the shadows, and greatness—her legitimate offspring—brought forward, placed in the seat of honor, corrupted and worshipped.

Have we, as a people, a nation, been guilty of this great folly and wickedness? Let the din of arms, the groans and cries which go up to Heaven daily from fields drenched with human blood, the mourner's weeds, and desolate homes all over our once proud and prosperous country answer! Alas, in the eagerness of our

progenitors for a name, a home, an independent existence, did they not, hoping in some way to obviate the disastrous consequences, admit into the very foundation of this noble structure explosive elements?

Built, as our Republic has been, with material from every division of the globe, with liberty as the *Genius Loci* emblazoned on its front, ought not its laws ignoring caste and color to have extended protection to the social and moral rights of all its subjects? Most assuredly. But have they done this?

Have not even those institutions which Divine laws have hallowed and declared inviolable been wantonly rent asunder, and made subservient to the basest, most degrading purposes and passions? God's laws are explicit; they are immutable. If we, as a people, embrace in our Constitution one act, one principle which comes in collision with his, we must renounce it or expect with certainty to be overthrown.

There is no safety, no happiness, no desirable perpetuity, either for individuals or nations, save that which has for its basis the Word of God.

PROFOUND LEARNING NOT HOSTILE TO THE SPIRIT OF PIETY.

BY REV. SAMUEL V. LEECH, A. M.

INDISTINCTNESS of perception has been fruitful of mischief. From a murky atmosphere two friendly ships became at Trafalgar desperate antagonists. At the dawn of day objects fail to bear their proper relations, and the imagination creates needless alarm. Seen through a mist the sun is stripped of its gorgeous splendor; but when the fog rises, and nature is flooded with light, the day-king appears robed in garments of fire. Properly perceived the fancied enemy is often transformed into the truest friend.

This principle holds good in the scientific and religious world. Scientific facts imperfectly perceived have frequently been supposed by holy men to be subversive of religion, and at war with the true interpretation of the Bible. Viewed beneath a clearer light they have appeared as fixed stars on the firmament of truth, shedding on the inspired page a richer glory, and on the path of life a luster not unlike that which guided the magi to the manger of the incarnate Redeemer.

In the minds of thousands the prejudice that rich resources of knowledge are detrimental to deep piety has become strongly entrenched. This occasions little surprise when we examine

the spirit of learning, and its hostility to Christianity during the earlier centuries.

The philosophy of Aristotle had absolute reign over the realm of imprisoned mind. The office of logic was to perplex rather than elicit truth. The spirit of inquiry generated intellectual pride and contempt for things easily understood. St. Paul appropriately styles the science of that day, "science falsely so called." Assailing religion, it flooded the Church with heresies, causing the sincere disciple to tremble when learned hands were laid on the "ark of the covenant."

Intensity has been given to this prejudice by the avowed hostility of men of learning to naked religion. Every available thunderbolt was hurled at it by Celsus, Porphyry, and Hierocles, the three great Platonic philosophers. So, too, in more modern times have men of extraordinary culture leveled at the Christian creed all their massive strength of mind.

Hume, the dazzling historian, whose style of Grecian elegance could prevail with the speculative mind, attacked with bitterness the foundations of Christian faith. Rousseau, the man of gorgeous imagery and burning diction, assailed these doctrines. Gibbon, the Samson of infidelity, whose "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is at once the most brilliant and dangerous achievement of the human mind, pronounced godliness "a cunningly-devised fable." Voltaire, the walking encyclopaedia, whose sparkling wit and multiform talents made him the oracle of unbelievers, spent his withering satire in ridiculing the miracles of Christ. Chesterfield, the polished scholar, whose society kings courted, and to whose hands a kingdom was committed, spurned the doctrines of Christianity. Byron, the poet whose verse fascinated applauding nations, devoted his talents to the praise of sensuality. Hobbes, the philosopher, and Shaftesbury, the cultivated blasphemer, with hundreds of men of mighty intellectual strength, have directed against the Cross all their native talent and acquired culture.

But while these men have prostituted to the assault of Christianity their acquirements of knowledge, thousands have consecrated to its defense profounder intellectuality and richer wealth of learning. Noble champions have entered the arena of controversy fully panoplied for the battle, looking undaunted around them on the Goliaths of unbelief. Their mental treasures have purified the heart's trust, instead of weakening their religious confidence.

Reader, do extensive acquisitions of knowledge obscure the humble beauties of piety? Look at the long column of illustrious scholars

who have sought their purest laurels at the feet of the Savior.

In poetry, Religion has had her Spencer, Tasso, and Young—her Cowper, Scott, and White—her Wesleys, and that prince of poets, whose mental orbs became more piercing when nature was hidden by blindness—he who wrote,

"From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate."

Was piety ever dishonored by *their* sweet songs?

Were not the visible fruits of piety far more lovely, and the brilliance of religious influence far more resplendent after Addison and Goldsmith attained for themselves preëminence in the literary world? Did the deep reverence for God of Pitt, Grotius, Selden, and Burke become less profound after their coronation at the throne of political philosophy as the world's statesmen-laureates? Did not the deathless devotion of Blackstone, Hale, and Mansfield—Marshall, Story, and Kent to the religion of Christ constantly increase when millions were paying them homage as the oracles of interpreted law? Did Harvey, Cooper, and Rush bring reproach on their profession of faith in God, when the medical world pointed to them as the queen stars in its constellation? Did the star of Bethlehem shine with bedimmed radiance on the hearts of Jones and Davy—Herschel and Stewart, when their ripe scholarship and profound researches had showered on them universal honors? Many of these noble intellects were as illustrious for meek discipleship as for their attainments in their respective professions.

During the last century a mighty revolution has taken place in the spirit of learning. Ever since the Reformation it has been assuming a garb of increasing loveliness. The giant reformer who rescued God's Word from the fetters of scholasticism, introduced a new dispensation in the pursuit of knowledge. What have our preachers and membership to fear when over our Biblical institutes, universities, colleges, and schools men of God preside, not less distinguished for piety than learning? The inspired Volume is with them the model and material of thought. In these institutions that system of instruction prevails not which crowds men further and further from the fountain of truth, spending its strength in vain speculation. In these halls of sanctified education, practical

piety, like the pillar of cloud and fire, exercises a guiding and controlling influence. In this bright day the luster of scholarship pales when it arrays itself against humble godliness. As we look over the field of American instruction and see the supremacy of Christianity, well may we exclaim with the elder Adams, as he heard the boom of cannon announcing the enactment of the "Declaration of Independence," "This is a glorious day for America!"

Learning is the ally of piety. The scientific interpreter of God's works and the sound expositor of his Word, are co-workers together in the elevation of the race. Theories viewed with alarm once, by the "defenders of the faith," have on more thorough examination been found absolutely necessary to the establishment of the consistency of the Holy Scriptures. Bitter denunciation was at first poured on the geological theory of a succession of worlds. The cry was, "Atheism, atheism!" Now the firmest champions of a rigidly-literal Biblical interpretation accept the well-anchored theory, that from a ruined world, whose buried remains are developed in fossil form, our own sphere was created; while it shall hereafter, wrapped in flames, give place to a "new earth," lovelier than its predecessor in its pristine beauty and paradisiacal bloom.

The noblest cultivation of mind is in no sense prejudicial to the growth of that experimental piety, whose richest jewel is "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." The immortal energies expanded to their greatest capacity brighten on the soul the faded traces of resemblance to God, which constituted, ere the fall, man's crowning glory. The most imposing splendors of intellectual worth have thrown, and are throwing around the blood-drenched cross a richer luster. Every step in the march of mind is opening some new fold in the drapery of truth. Every new fact brought to light in the region of physical science, political economy, or religious doctrine, is hastening in that millennial day when every star on the spangled sky, every shell on the wave-washed strand, and every flower that gives in its painted breast a home to the dew-drop, shall proclaim some princely truth and point a world bowed low in worship to some new feature in the wisdom and goodness of God.

WHEN we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed forever.

JEZEBEL.

BY JULIA DAY.

THIS hated name floats on the stream of time, only upheld by the dark record of its own disgrace. Children shudder at the history and fate of "that wicked Jezebel," and older heads unconsciously identify her with their ideal of depravity.

But this woman, though a monster of cruelty, was not one who delighted in suffering and bloodshed for its own sake. She was not a demoniac whose mental operations were, for a time, unlike the ordinary developments of mind. Her character, though detestable, is unquestionably human; it is strong, resolute. Her life is consistent with itself throughout.

She is the great prototype of queenly intolerance. Her pride laid the foundation for this intolerance. Was she not a Phœnician princess? Was not Ahab proud of the alliance? The splendor of his court far surpassed that of his father.

Omri, the favorite of the people, who went from the camp to the throne, had lived in comparative simplicity. But when Jezebel was made queen, the palace of Ethbaal became a model for the king's house. Then were seen, in greater abundance, "carvings of wood and ivory," "the beautifully-colored garments of Sidon," with "fine linen and brodered work from Egypt," brought by the commerce of Tyre. It was in harmony with this to establish the worship of Baal. This worship was connected with the traditions and the records of antiquity; little more than fifty years had passed since Jeroboam set up the golden calves, one in Bethel, and one in Dan. If, through these, the God of the Hebrews was worshiped, such service was known to be in opposition to his will. There were the strongest political reasons why the king and the people should not worship God in accordance with his commands, when the metropolis of that worship was the capital of a rival kingdom; besides Ahab had already become an apostate in marrying Jezebel. So he built a house for Baal, and would have brought all his nation with him to serve a senseless idol.

Then the merchants who had so often exchanged the grain and honey of Palestine for Phœnician manufactures, brought back an assortment of articles which they had not been accustomed to receive. They were vestments for the heathen priests and worshipers, such garments as the followers of Jehu afterward stained with the blood of their wearers.

Like other persecutors Jezebel was a munificent patron to her own party. When their sins brought down upon their land the punishment of a righteous God, and there was no rain, four hundred and fifty of Baal's prophets and four hundred idolatrous prophets of the groves were fed at Jezebel's table. How popular she was then! Glowing eulogies were lavished upon "our noble queen." Eight hundred and fifty influential men gave the key note; what must have been the music of public opinion?

Jezebel was the graceful, smiling benefactress; and, as she sat in her palace, proud of her influence and her royalty, proud of her intelligence, her generosity, and her devotion, she did not reflect that, against her, the blood of righteous men appealed to Heaven. She did not know that a hundred anxious hearts, through all the weary day, were wishing for twilight, or that, in the cold, dark night, they watched for the early dawn, when, perhaps, the messenger of Obadiah might tell them the fate of their friends, or let them know when it would be safe to visit their homes. She did not hear how the walls of that cave resounded with prayers which might have caused her to tremble.

Perhaps she did not know that many who mingled with the votaries of the false god, contrasting these ceremonies with the worship of the Most High, loathed this idolatry, and hated her who had established it, or that seven thousand who had "not bowed the knee to Baal," besought God to put away that influence which was so great a curse to Israel.

When the king and queen, with all their court, went in pompous procession to the house of their idol in Samaria, children, with admiring wonder, came out to hear the music, and to look at the bright pageant; perhaps there was more than one mother who reproved her little ones, and pointing out their father's murderer, spoke in tones which showed hatred the more intense, because it was impotent.

Then the oft-told story was repeated, and there were flashing eyes; and childish lips muttered a curse on Jezebel. Through the long years of her prosperity that curse echoed in the hearts of a thousand Hebrews, who witnessed the effect of her persecutions; in her old age many remembered with satisfaction that the mouth of Elijah had pronounced God's curse upon her. There was simple truth in the epithet applied by Jehu when he gave orders concerning her burial.

The most satisfactory evidence concerning any cause is seldom convincing to one whose

opposition has avowed itself in acts of persecution. So when Ahab told Jezebel what Elijah had done, the fire which came down from heaven made no impression upon her mind, but the execution of the priests aroused her fury, powerless, for once, to injure its object.

Probably there were many incidents in the life of Jezebel which, if we knew them, might seem to refute the charge of cruelty; yet she was cruel. We do not know that she ever witnessed the execution of her victims. To witness or assist in such butchery would have been no violation of her principles, but it might not have been in accordance with her tastes. She may, possibly, have possessed an affectation of refined sensibility. If she did, it was the result of education, and her imperious temper would never let it interfere with her plans or baffle her resentment.

We have no reason to suppose her indifferent to the happiness of her own family. Toward them no unkind acts are recorded; but had they, in any important sense, interfered with her supremacy, she might have shown them as little favor as her daughter Athaliah manifested to her grandchildren.

Between Ahab and his haughty queen there seems to have existed an agreement which was quite too strong, since it resulted in evil deeds. Better for the people if a little domestic fiction had dulled the sword of persecution! This wife, whose mind was filled with affectionate concern, because her husband's countenance was sad, and because he refused to eat, did not hesitate to gratify his whims by causing deeds of perjury and murder. Perhaps she, too, desired the vineyard of Naboth, and his reason for refusing to sell it was an additional cause of displeasure. To the idolatrous royal family nothing could be more obnoxious than such adhesion to Jewish laws.

Who could have been more politic in suggesting the charge against Naboth? To say that he had blasphemed God would shock those who were not idolaters; to say that he had blasphemed the king would justify his death to the worshipers of Baal, whose patron the king was. This policy did not prevent Elijah from announcing the sentence of punishment.

Ahab humbled himself at last under the dreadful threatenings of the prophet; Jehoram put away the idol which his father had made, and returned to the ways of Jeroboam; but there seems to have been no change in Jezebel, who is mentioned in her old age, as though her wickedness were yet a power in Israel.

When John came to Jezreel as a minister of vengeance her grandson was a father and a

king; but she displayed the fearless self-possession of her youth. When she had made her toilet like a queen, she looked out at the window and asked, "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"

The seven days' reign and the fearful death of Zimri were well calculated to inspire usurpers with awe. But this did not avail for Jezebel. She whose word had been obeyed so long was thrown from the window by her own servants, and then unpitied, unaided, left to die and be eaten by dogs. Intolerance did not die with her. She has had successors besides Catherine de Medicis and Bloody Mary.

When intolerance and pride appear in milder forms and in private life, what warning is more impressive than the thought that, being characteristics of the infamous Jezebel, they are allied to perjury and murder, and exposed to the righteous judgment of God!

ISAAC TAYLOR ON NOVEL-READING.

ZEST! How may it most effectually be dissipated, how irrecoverably lost? Forgive me now this wrong, if conscience-driven, as I am, I utter what must, I know, offend some who read this paper. Genuine zest disappears wherever fiction holds sway. I am intending no onslaught on novel-reading. I have no Puritanic horror of novels. I have listened to most of those that were the popular fictions of that by-gone time. I would say this only to the heads of families: Make your choice—freely admit from the circulating library the three-volume novels of the season, and then be content to find that all residue of zest is gone as to history, or biography, or science, or any thing else that is real and genuine, Christianity included. Novel-reading is an infatuation which masters souls as surely as dram-drinking does. Many are the melancholy spectacles which one encounters in towns; as for instance a woman, wasted, worn, in tatters, and near to starvation—that is a sad sight. And so it is sad to meet the well-dressed lady of forty or fifty, hastening home with the three greasy-boarded volumes, which are all to be devoured between the noon of to-day and the dawn of to-morrow! The alternative for the individuals or the family is this: Novel-reading, with its consequent *ennui* and utter apathy, or else genuine feeling, employment with zest, as to whatever is real in life, in history, in science, in poetry, and in general literature. Fiction of any sort in one scale, and reality in the other, the beam will never stand on the level.—*Littell's Living Age.*

PERPETUA AND FELICITAS.

ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. RANKE,
OF BERLIN.

BY REV. J. F. HURST.

ON the northern coast of Africa are now to be seen the long-concealed ruins of a great metropolis which was originally a center of Phœnician idolatry. For many years Carthage strove zealously for the possession of great wealth, and was afterward destroyed by Rome, her powerful rival. While under the Roman scepter she arose to a second epoch of fame and glory till she stood beside her mistress in the multitude of her population, the splendor of her buildings, and the development of her power; finally, she tumbled into ruins by the sword of the enemy. It was even there, in Carthage, that we find some of those fragrant flowers of Christian faith which bloomed with such beauty and luxuriance in the midst of the prevailing heathenism and slavery.

Heathendom had long striven, by its growing cruelty and bloodthirsty severity, to conquer the rising power of truth, but at the very moment when it seemed about to triumph it began to hasten more rapidly to decline. It was nothing to the advantage of the Emperor Septimius Severus when he secured the passage of a law in the year 202 forbidding his subjects, under severe penalties, from going over to Judaism and Christianity. He hoped thereby to bring on a general martyrdom.

Carthage, like other great cities throughout the Roman Empire, was the center of a rich and flourishing society of Christians. At its head stood Bishop Optatus, the Presbyter Aspasius, and the deacons Tertius and Pomponius. Their influence proved a great blessing. They lived such holy lives and worked with such great zeal and energy that the Word of God was powerfully felt, and many were daily added to the Church who were destined to live and suffer for their faith. The civil authorities looked at the prosperities of the Christians with great suspicion, and when the Proconsul Hilarianus came into office, clothed with the power of life and death, he immediately adopted measures to exert his authority over them. In the beginning of the year 203 he tore the catechumens Revocatus, Saturninus, Secundulus, Perpetua, and Felicitas from their families and threw them into prison. Saturnus afterward joined them in confinement of his own free will.

Christian heroism had long ago attracted the wonder of the heathen, and was commencing

to throw in the shade the old heroes of the Grecian and Roman world. The Christian women were rivaling the disciple Tabitha in good works and alms. By their purity of heart and life, by their modesty and simplicity, they compelled their persecutors to respect them; nor did they hesitate a moment to seal their Christian faith by a joyful reception of the message of banishment or death. Self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness, depth of conviction and of consecration, and earnest striving for spiritual life shone brightly forth in the female character. Not only was this true of cultivated and wealthy women, but also of those who belonged to the despised circles of slave-life, so that all distinctions of birth, class, and culture disappeared in that Christian freedom and equality which characterized both sexes. This new development very naturally excited the astonishment of the world. In the present case it was the females among the captives who attracted greatest attention. Their noble conduct made them the most useful members of the fold of Christ. In the wonderful picture of the persecutions of the year 203, Perpetua and Felicitas stand in the foreground. Though coming from different walks of life, they were united by their common devotion to Christ.

Ubia Perpetua was the daughter of a man who belonged to the aristocracy, and remained true to the false religion of his ancestors. But he did not prevent his wife and children from becoming Christians. Perpetua was twenty-two years old; she had received the best education that Carthage could afford, was married, had a dear child, and was united to human life by all its ordinary enjoyments and attractions. It was far otherwise with Felicitas. She, too, was married and had a child, after whom her heart yearned. But she was a slave, and in the desolation of her bondage heard the message of the Holy Spirit. These two women were now prisoners together.

Perpetua's father saw the danger which threatened his daughter. "I was," said she, "still associated with the enemies of my religion when my father, out of his deep love for me, endeavored to make me give up my faith. 'My father,' said I, 'do you see this vase?' 'I see it,' he replied. Then I rejoined, 'Can you call it by any other name than the one it bears?' 'No,' he answered. 'Then I can not be called by any other name than that which belongs to me. I am a Christian.' My father grew angry at these words, pushed me away from him, and seemed to wish me out of his sight. But it was only blows that he inflicted upon me." She suffered on, triumphed,

and thanked her Heavenly Father for preparing her for her future trials. It was shortly afterward, during her baptism, that she found peace in Christ.

"After a few days," she further related, "we were thrown into prison, and I was horrified, for I had never experienced such dreadful darkness before. What a hard day! The soldiers jostled us about, and I was almost overcome by anxiety for my child. Tertius and Pomponius, the devoted deacons, did us great service, and tried to secure us by money a better place of confinement. By and by we were left almost alone. I nursed my child, which had already grown thin for want of care. With tears in my eyes I had implored my mother to care for it. I had encouraged my brother, then I committed the child to the care of all my friends. It had grieved me to see how they wept for me. I suffered excruciating agony for many days, and I finally requested that my child be brought to me that it may share my imprisonment. Then my prison was converted into a palace, and I wished to be no where else than there."

During the happy season of her stay in prison, where she suffered so willingly for her Lord and Master, she was strengthened by the united prayers of her companions, and had the pleasure of receiving visits from her sympathizing Christian friends. Her inner spiritual life was rapidly developing. She was the youthful mother fondly attached to her child; the delighted sister and daughter rejoicing over the fact that her mother and brothers were united with her in the common trust in God's mercy; the sufferer of great sorrow that her father was excluded from divine grace and banded with her persecutors; the living Christian, who dwelt rather in heaven than on earth; who, through faith, felt that her Savior was present, and saw the martyr-crown just above her brow and the palm of victory almost within her grasp. Perpetua was in an unusual state of ecstasy, and felt that she was already the citizen of a higher world.

"At that time," she related, "my brother said to me, 'O, noble sister, thou art worthy of so great privileges that you certainly can tell whether you will suffer death or again go free.' And it did seem to me that I was so conscious of God's goodness that I could answer him with confidence, 'To-morrow I shall take my departure from thee.' As I wept I seemed to behold the following vision: A ladder of such wonderful height that it reached even up to heaven, and so narrow that only one could ascend it at a time; on its sides were iron

instruments, such as swords, lances, hooks, and knives, so that whoever went up must be very attentive and always look upward, or his flesh would be wounded, and torn, and caught in the iron instruments. At the foot of the ladder stood a dragon of fearful size, which sprang at all who wanted to ascend, and tried to keep them back. Satorus went up ahead of me—the same one who had given himself up as a prisoner with us. He reached the top of the ladder and called down to me, 'Perpetua, I am waiting for you; take care that the dragon does not destroy you.' And I replied, 'It will not harm me, for I walk in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then the dragon moved as if it was afraid of me; it raised its head; I took my first step, placing my foot on its head, and I safely ascended. When I had reached the top of the ladder I saw a garden of immeasurable extent, and in the midst of it a large, gray-haired man acting as a shepherd, and engaged in milking the sheep. Around him were many thousands of people, all clad in white. He raised his head, looked at me, and said, 'It is well that thou hast come, child.' He called me to him and gave me a glass of milk. The multitude who surrounded us cried, 'Amen!' The sound awakened me from my vision, and it seemed as if I had a sweet taste in my mouth. I repeated my vision to my brother, and we both felt as if death would soon come. Then we ceased to fix any hopes on this life."

Perpetua had seen in spirit the picture of her triumph over sin, and the enjoyment of those words of comfort, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb." Immediately she began to realize those dangers which she had beheld in her vision. Her father hastened out of the city, and, with his heart full of agony, endeavored to save his daughter from destruction. "O, my daughter," said he, "take compassion on my gray hair. Do pity your father, if he is still worthy to be called your father. With my own hands I have brought you to this maturity of life; and since I have loved you more than all your brothers I beseech you do not so disgrace me among my fellow-men. Behold your brothers, and your mother, and your aunt! Look at your own son, who will probably die after your departure. Lay aside your own prejudices sooner than destroy us all, for after you have suffered not one of us will be permitted to say a word." Thus spoke Perpetua's father from the fullness of his heart, while he cast himself at her feet, kissed her hands, and besought her, not as his daughter,

but as his sovereign. "And I pitied," she said, "the gray hairs of my father, for he did not want to see me suffer; and I strove to console him as I said, 'When I stand before the judges, God's will must be done; for you must know that we live by God's strength and not by our own.' Then he took his departure from me with great grief."

The trial followed soon afterward.

The forum was filled with an immense multitude of spectators, when the young Christians were suddenly snatched away from their morning meal, hurried thither, and placed upon the platform where they were soon to receive their sentence. They all committed themselves to God. When Perpetua's turn came, her father appeared with her child in his arms, drew her down from the prisoner's stand, and implored her to have mercy upon her infant child. The procurator Hilarianus thus addressed her, in the most friendly manner: "Pity the gray hairs of your father; pity your little child; make an offering now for the Emperor's health." But she answered briefly and with determination, "I shall not do it."

"Then you are a Christian?" said Hilarianus. "I am a Christian," she responded.

No further delay was now permitted. As Perpetua's father had not ceased his efforts to dissuade her from her purpose, he was forcibly seized, and beaten with heavy blows before the eyes of his daughter, who wept with great sorrow at his sufferings. All the Christians were sentenced to be cast to the wild beasts; but they returned to their call with holy joy. In vain did Perpetua send to her father a request to be permitted once more to see her child. But her father would not yield. She felt contented, and patiently awaited the crown of martyrdom. It was decided that she and her companions should be cast to the wild beasts, in the presence of the soldiers and for the entertainment of the bloodthirsty populace, on March 7th, the anniversary of the day on which the Emperor's son, Geta, was elevated to the dignity of a Caesar.

Perpetua felt free from the world, and longed for the time of her departure. Suddenly, while the criminals were engaged in prayer, she was reminded of her brother Dinocrates, who had died in his eighth year. Perpetua uttered his name. It seemed to her that she saw him going forth from a dark prison, and suffering from heat and thirst. His face was pale, and still bore upon it the wounds of which he died. He tried to get to the top of a high cask and drink of the water with which it was filled. She saw him again, but the suffering was over. His

face was healed of all the wounds that once disfigured it. He climbed to the top of the cask and drank the water with a golden cup, which never became empty. It was the water of life; and when he had drank enough of it he went off to play.

Prudens, the superintendent of the prison, was a heathen. His own heart was affected by the conduct of the captives, and he provided for them every comfort that he could obtain. Their friends came to see them, and were encouraged by their steadfastness. As the final day of their life drew near, Perpetua's father, desirous once more to see her, visited her and began to tear out his beard. He threw himself upon his face, cursed his old age, and spoke words that pierced every heart. Perpetua looked upon him with deep agony, but she could not help him.

The last moments approached. The final meal, which all condemned Christians were accustomed to observe, was a feast of love and a season of mutual strengthening. The unbelieving populace were overawed by it; some of whom became Christians on account of it. With a dignified composure and noble bearing the captives went from their place of confinement to the amphitheater. Perpetua walked deliberately and without a tremor. There was such a power in the glance of her eye that the wild rabble turned their faces away. Felicitas could not conceal her joy, for she was now hastening to her second baptism—the baptism of blood.

They arrived at the entrance of the amphitheater. There were persons stationed there to persuade them once more to renounce their religion and to permit themselves to be clothed as priests of Saturn or devotees of Ceres. Perpetua, like the rest, was immovable. She replied, "We have come to this extremity voluntarily; we will not now be robbed of our liberty; go through with your business." The Tribune gave command that they enter in the order in which they had come. The triumph began to appear, and very much as Perpetua had seen in her dream. Revocatus, Saturninus, and Saturnus began to censure the people, and to nod and gesticulate to Hilarianus, as much as to say, "You may judge us, but God will judge you!" The rabble mocked at them in return; but the Christians rejoiced that they could suffer as their Savior had done before them.

The fight with the wild beasts commenced. Saturninus and Revocatus were torn to pieces by a leopard and a bear. A wild boar was let loose against Saturnus, but instead of injuring him he killed his keeper. A bear was placed

for his destruction; but the animal did not touch Satorus. Then the uninjured man said to Prudens, "See, here I am, as I believed and said. Thus far I am not touched. Now I believe that the leopard will kill me." Just then the leopard sprang upon him and tore him. The good Christian was covered with blood, and the people cried out, "Baptism enough! baptism enough!" Then Satorus said to Prudens, "Farewell, and remember my religion! Be not disturbed by what happens to me, but be strengthened." Then he took a ring from his finger, and in calm dignity gave it to the friendly man as a pledge of his love and for a memento of the baptism of blood. Then he sank down among his companions.

The women were placed at the mercy of a raving ox. They had been stripped of their clothing, and were only covered with a loose net-work. When the people saw them they were seized with compassion, and demanded that they should be invested again with their clothing. Perpetua was first attacked by the furious beast, and thrown aloft by him. Felicitas came next. Perpetua fell upon her back, but calmly recovered her position, and drew her torn clothing closely about her. When again led forth, she carefully adjusted her disheveled hair. She was hoping soon to have the crown of martyrdom upon her brow. When she saw Felicitas fallen upon the ground she went up to her, stretched forth her hand, and helped her to arise. Then they stood erect beside each other, as patient sufferers. They attracted the sympathy of the people, and were led away from the beasts to the entrance of the amphitheater where it was customary to kill those whom the wild beasts had not destroyed. When she arrived there she looked about and said, to the astonishment of all, "When will we be taken back to the beasts? I do not know." To a catechumen who was standing there, Rusticus by name, and to her brother, she said, "Stand true to the faith and love each other; do not let our sufferings cause you to feel any disgrace."

The people were infuriated again, and called back the sufferers to the middle of the amphitheater, so that their bodies might be pierced by swords. Perpetua and Felicitas kissed each other as a sign of love and readiness to be martyrs. The bystanders drew their swords and killed Satorus first, thus bringing Perpetua's dream really to pass. When a sword pierced her she screamed aloud, and then guided the hand of her inexperienced executioner to her throat. Her head was severed in a moment.

The Church at Carthage received their honored bones with a holy pride, and buried them in the principal church, where they were kept for many centuries as a priceless treasure. The visions of Perpetua and Satorus seemed like revelations from heaven to many of their successors. Augustine has left behind three earnest orations, which he delivered on the anniversaries of the death of Perpetua and Felicitas, which occasions were always celebrated by an innumerable multitude of faithful Christians who visited the altars beneath which the torn bodies of those holy women were buried. The plainest catechumens, many of whom were slaves, followed the example of the martyrs of Geta's festal day; and, in due time, their steadfastness and sufferings became the praise of the whole Christian Church.

Let the simple story of Perpetua and Felicitas lead us to gratitude to God, who has so conquered the evil passions of the world as to deliver the Church of the nineteenth century from all the horrors of martyrdom. Those who suffered for their faith in early times are living witnesses of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church. We have much opposition to contend with, though of a different character from theirs. The duty of fidelity is as binding upon us as it was upon them. The triumph of Christ is a continual lesson and an ever-bright promise to his disciples. "IN THE WORLD," said he, "YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION, BUT BE OF GOOD CHEER: I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

"He giveth quietness"—O, words of blessing,
When the storm gathers, and the skies are dark!
Out of the tempest, to his sheltering bosom,
Fly, O my soul, and find a welcome ark!

"He giveth quietness"—O, Elder Brother!
Whose bleeding feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in thy losses we might find our gain.

Of all thy gifts and infinite consolings,
I ask but this, in every troubled hour,
To hear thy voice, through all the tumult stealing
And rest serene beneath its soothing power.

Cares can not shake me if my soul be dwelling
In the pure light of Heaven's untroubled day;
Grief can not harm me if I walk beside thee,
My hand in thine, along the darkening way.

So in my weakness, on thy strength reclining,
From all earth's tempests I shall find release,
With thy calm sunlight on my spirit shining.

Who can make trouble when thou sendest peace?

GLIMPSES OF OUR LAKE REGION.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CHAPTER VII.

DARK DAYS.

MOST people know what is meant by dark days. Not cloudy days, when the physical sun is hidden from our sight, but days of doubt and gloom, when every thing is out of its place and every body looks miserable. Perhaps this view of things can not be helped; the misanthropy may be involuntary, or it may be induced by unhappy circumstances which we can not control or by bodily indisposition.

We may not be able to explain our condition; indeed, we seldom try to do that, but we either sit down sullenly to endure our trouble, or else go steadily to work to make others as wretched as we are ourselves.

I had endured in silence, perhaps sullenly, a week of dark days. There was not a bright spot in all the world, scarcely in heaven. The nights—long, sleepless, weary nights—were more gloomy than the days. Ah, I said, it is a sad thing to live just for one's self, to have no chosen one to pray for, to be solitary in the midst of a crowd; and this dark, hopeless destiny has Death wrought for me.

A dream roused me. The best beloved came to me in my sleep and unfolded a glimpse of the limitless future. All life's darkness melted away in the sublime presence of God's Hereafter. It may be that our dreams are the *real* part of our lives, the fragments of our spiritual existence, the only part which is able to reach out and take hold of eternity.

In the morning I read of that kind-hearted, solitary woman, the mother Denis of Emile Louvestre. "Left by herself in the battle of life she makes good her humble place in it by working, singing, helping others, and leaving the rest to God." I understood that to make others happy gives one heart to live.

Outside my window the birds were singing, and the air was soft with the breath of honeysuckles and musk-roses. A little lame girl went by, hopping along on one foot, with the aid of crutches. She looked up and nodded her head, smiling brightly as she caught a paper of bonbons which were thrown to her from a window below me. She is hopelessly deformed, and is very seldom able to venture on the street. How her cheerfulness rebuked me! At the bottom of the valley, in that long greenhouse with gables, a pale, slender woman toils for the maintenance of five children. She is not a widow, but bears a heavier sorrow. She

is a deserted wife. Her little Aelise is dying slowly of consumption, and yesterday her oldest boy was brought home with a broken leg. The baby is blind. Not a murmur crosses her lips. Patiently, almost cheerfully, she bows her head to the baptism of sorrow. I can not choose but be ashamed of my gloom and sadness, but they will not be shaken off.

The post brings me a letter. It has its strong words of sympathy and encouragement, its gentle reproof for sinful despondency. It counsels work, steady, absorbing work—work for the Master, who "will not leave us comfortless."

Then I go out and listen to a sad, sad story. O, what a pity that it should be true! Two years ago there was not a happier family in all the country than Edgar Green's. His wife was a most amiable and intelligent woman, and their only son was a fine, energetic youth of twenty. Mrs. Green's father, to whom she was strongly attached, lived with them.

When Arthur enlisted for a soldier, it was hard for the parents to submit and give him up, but they were patriots, and the country needed him, and so he went not forth without a blessing.

Four months ago the old father sickened and died. The husband and wife bore this sorrow *together*.

Three weeks ago the husband was walking slowly down the street when he met a baby-girl, the daughter of a friend, who was being drawn in a little chaise by her nurse. Stooping to kiss the child, he suddenly fell forward in a fit and was taken up dead. All night long the stricken wife lay in a deathlike swoon, only reviving at intervals sufficiently to understand what had happened, but utterly unable to take home to herself the fatal truth. Then came a wild, intense longing to behold her son.

"He is all I have," she said over and over again; "surely he *must* come home."

To-day, in the list of the casualties of war, we read, "Arthur L. Green, killed."

Ah, who will tell the mother?

I go back to my room full of remorseful penitence for my unthankful misanthropy, which, however, still clings to me.

It is one of the most beautiful mornings of Summer. The grass in the meadows is rippled into sunny waves of green, by the bold wind; the cattle are deep in the mysteries of clover rations, and changing shadows dance in and out of the little hollows where blue, truant violets yet linger. Far away over the hills, a fleecy haze hides the line of the horizon and curtains the sea.

The people are crowding to the house of God.

A soldier has been brought home dead to his mother, and the funeral services are to be held to-day. Almost every week some of our best and dearest are reported among the killed in battle. In nearly every hour there is mourning. In the aristocratic mansion and in the low cottage there are breaking hearts which, for the time, refuse to be comforted.

The days of the mourner are long, long and sad; but God is merciful, the night is waiting, peace and rest are waiting, love and joy and the fruition of hope are waiting just ahead.

This little life is passing swiftly; the eternal day is already dawning upon the mountains. As we go forward toward it, we can not quite help the tugging at the heart-strings, the yearning of the spirit for the loved and lost. The whole world is a blank, and the burden of the old song will come at times:

"I'm weary, weary,
I would that I were dead."

Only at times, because the sublime truths of God remain, and we have faith in the glorious future. And so we accept the brief probation of earthly life, and thank God for the discipline which purifies and ennobles.

Not that we ever forget the dead. They have the same hold on our affections as when they are living in our midst. True love can not die. Its origin is divine, its strength immortal. It stretches into eternity, where alone it can find its full development. Its essence is spiritual, and nothing earthly can counterfeit it.

Yet God pity the poor mother who bends to-day over the open grave of her son! In the gathering crowd there are many mournful eyes that have no more power to brighten with joy, that well over with kind sympathy, that will share if they can not lighten the burden of sorrow.

A narrow river runs like a thread of silver across the meadows, and winds about the hills till it reaches the sea. On its banks, hedged by willows, is the village cemetery. There was never a lovelier place set apart for the dead. It is a succession of gentle hill-slopes and quiet dells, and the very air seems to breathe repose. Those I have loved are resting there, awaiting a joyful resurrection. God has them in his keeping.

Along the valleys and up the hills the south wind brings the dirge for the dead. Its music swells up from the hearts as well as the voices of the crowd, for the young soldier belonged to us all.

Alas, how often do those sad notes fall upon our ears! Three times within a fortnight have

we paid the last tribute of respect to dear ones who have died for their country. We will keep their memories green, and our regrets and our reverence for their heroism shall be their epitaph.

Dark days can not be brightened, the heavy heart can not be eased by thus contemplating the sorrows of others. The shadows deepen rather than disappear, and it is but a selfish sort of consolation to feel that others are worse off than ourselves. It is scarcely a Christian's kind of gratitude to thank God that we are not as other men are. A great part of the melancholy in the world is sinful despondency. We hold the remedy in our own hands, but are too lazy to apply it. We sit down drearily in a corner, and brood over our trials, and hug closely the demons that torment us, till nothing but a herculean effort can shake off the Atlantean load of depression. And all the time, just over the way, or down the street, are missions of mercy awaiting Christian effort, with the certainty that our little acts of kindness will react upon our own hearts and restore the vanished sunlight.

Get out into God's sunshine, pale, pining misanthrope! Put *your* shoulder to the burden beneath which your neighbor is sinking. Do not fear to lift heartily while God strengthens you. It is much easier to do great things than little ones; but it is the quiet, unpretending ministry which is sweetest to the helped and to the helper. Our pride desires rather to

"Serve God much,
Than to please him perfectly."

CHAPTER VIII.

MUSIC OF OUR "LAKE REGION."

No one ever disputes that our town's people are musical people, or that music is the alpha and omega of all our enterprises. The curious stranger can not get rid of the impression that in some remote period of the good old colony times, the place was settled by a company of cornets, harps, sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimers, and all kinds of music.

Every child born here has a talent for music born in him; it is inherent like depravity. All other questions, even the war interests, and the election of the government officers, are obliged to succumb and be as nothing in the presence of this potent monopolizer. We could get along without being governed, without paying taxes to restrict our own comforts, without having the laws changed at our expense every Congressional term, but we could not do without our arias, quartettes, and choruses, or the

wondrous mechanism of our instrumental performances.

In our churches it has been understood, from time immemorial, that all the other parts of the Sunday service are subordinate to the orchestral display, and no quarrel in any of our religious societies, no matter how serious, is considered legitimate, unless it originates in the choir. Indeed, the singing gallery may fitly be compared to a mammoth brewery, inasmuch as a generous provision of infinitesimal huffs, miffs, and squabbles are there fermented and bottled up for preservation, and a good assortment thereof is constantly on hand, orders from any distance being filled with most agreeable dispatch.

Clergymen from other towns, who occasionally exchange pulpits with our pastors, are awkwardly embarrassed by finding themselves of no account in the sanctuary, and a painful, stammering hesitation attacks the extemporaneous speaker when he finds that his pet sermon is only endured, and that the audience are impatiently awaiting his last sentence, that they may give themselves up to the enjoyment of the closing anthem.

No funeral would be complete without singing, and it is not unusual for a circle of trained warblers to surround the grave and get off a final combination of musical noises as a farewell salute to the departed. When the music is well-chosen, and the occasion one of general interest, this last custom has a beautiful and soothing effect, and we recognize the divine power of sacred melody.

My pen pauses while I endeavor to sort out and set by themselves the various harmonies now being performed in my immediate neighborhood. First, in the parlor below me, a fine tenor voice is singing a song to a piano accompaniment. I just catch the refrain, "Hark! I hear an angel sing." To the company in the parlor, who hear it by itself, it is doubtless very sweet; but just across the way are two fiddles and a flute in full blast. A lad on the bridge is making his first attempt with a French horn. He seems, judging from the effect, to fill the instrument uncomfortably full of music before letting any off, and the pent-up sounds when they do get a chance to escape, come dashing out without any attempt at order. A solitary violoncello is groaning by itself in the next house, and from a little further down the street we get occasional touches of a sprightly waltz which is being done conjointly by a fiddle and a piano.

A young boy sits in the lighted upper window of another house, on the opposite side of

the street, after the fashion of Eutychus, exhibiting such a power of shrill whistle in his endeavors to render "John Brown" vigorously, that we can scarcely help the amiable wish to see him further imitate the famous sleeper by falling to the ground. Ringing out above all, the cracked bell of the town clock is snappishly insisting that it is fourteen o'clock instead of ten, as my watch indicates. Shutting the windows to exclude a part of the concert, I sit down again to my desk, and catch myself humming snatches of old songs and marches as my pen tracks the paper before me.

There is a great deal about music, *modern* music, which puzzles me. I do not comprehend it. The sublime "harmony of discords" has no meaning for me. When other more fortunate people, who have kept up with the times, applaud and *encore*, I shrink back into the shade. I have a curious, unpleasant feeling that the lavish encomiums are not sincere; and though it would be sad to lose faith in the truthfulness of our associates, there is always a hope down in the depths of the heart that they do like real music, and find its modern counterfeits a bore. It seems quite impossible that any one can be educated so far away from what is natural as to relish such artificial and aggravating entertainments, though we see that other morbid appetites, equally incomprehensible, are common. Ah, well, the standard of music in heaven was fixed long ago, before the advent of the late improvements, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." None of these operatic embellishments will ever jar upon our ears in the "land of the blest," whatever immortality they may secure in the lower regions.

Not a great while ago I was invited to hear a difficult piece of music performed on the piano. The young lady-player had been carefully trained at great expense, and could almost, it was said, "do the impossible." As nothing but kindness was intended in inviting me, I could not refuse to listen; but, as a slight indemnification, I stipulated that when the grand action should be over, I should be indulged with a favorite song.

To all the complicated tremolos, turnings, and pedal crashings, I listened patiently, managing to abstract my attention from them by repeating to myself psalms and hymns and the multiplication table backward, till I was so little disturbed by the noise as to be able to carry on a regular and connected train of thought.

How long it lasted I can not tell; but all at once, without the least warning, the young lady straightened herself stiffly, threw back her head,

rolled up her eyes, and gave vent to a succession of the most dismal shrieks that I ever heard. I involuntarily sprang to her assistance, not a little surprised that no one else exhibited any sympathy for her, or any disposition to aid her. Ah, what a relief it was, in spite of my shame and the singer's vexation, to find that what I had mistaken for a fit was only the effort to oblige me by singing my favorite song! And I, stupid, had not recognized a note or a word of it.

They tell me that *my* taste is at fault, that I need cultivation, that no one in a state of nature likes the higher style of music, etc. I hear the thrush and the robin trilling their old exquisite melodies, and I know that none of these popular false chords finds a place in the great anthem of nature.

How can I look out upon the sapphire sea, flashing in the golden light of the sunset, or raise my eyes to the profound blue solitudes of the skies, or reflect upon the infinite motion and perfect harmony of the heavenly bodies, and then deliberately fill the soft air with discordant croakings?

An Italian street-singer and organ-grinder came with his wife and sang just under my window this morning. He is a Genoese, she from the island of Ischia. It was music, simple but *real* music, so I gladly ran down stairs to thank and remunerate them. I could not make them understand me. They knew so little English, and I so little Italian, I could only recall one phrase, "*Felice notte*," which they seemed to resent, for they shouldered their packs and were off at once, instead of singing more, as I hoped they would.

Down by the railway I yesterday passed a little tent, the temporary home of some wandering Indians. Two girls were singing over their work, but they stopped when they saw a stranger, and no persuasion could induce them to go on. The little that I heard made me think of the wind sighing in the forest, and wailing down the stony ravines before a storm. It was wild and shrill like the Shaker singing. Perhaps the Shakers borrowed their style from the Indians. I waited to look at their delicately-plaited basket-work. The rushes were dyed with soft colors, and ingeniously twisted into a beautiful pattern. But I could get no more music.

Hush! From the adjoining room comes to me the sweet voice of a little child who is kneeling beside his mother and repeating the prayer, "Our Father," which is never old. As I listen, I understand, but can not explain what is meant by true music—*heart* music.

GUIZOT'S MEDITATIONS.

BY PROF. JOHN P. LACROIX.

THE SUPERNATURAL.

AGAINST Christianity, that system which is so sublime and in such deep harmony with human nature, an objection is raised which is thought to be fatal. It proclaims the supernatural; it has the supernatural for principle and basis. Now, it is said there is no supernatural.

The objection is not new, but it is to-day more serious and apparently more forcible than ever before. It is in the name of all human science, physical, historical, philosophical, that the attempt is made to annihilate the supernatural and banish it from the world and from man. Infinitely do I honor Science, and I wish her to be as free as honored. But I could wish her a little more modest, less absorbed in her special labors and momentary successes, more careful not to forget and omit any of the ideas and facts which relate to the questions she treats, and should influence the solutions she renders.

Whatever may seem the current of the hour, the abolition of the supernatural is a daring enterprise, for a belief in it is a fact which is natural, primitive, universal, permanent in the life and history of the race. Let man be interrogated in all time and in all degrees of civilization and he will always be found believing spontaneously in facts and causes which lie outside of this world of sense, this living mechanism which we call nature. Vain has it been to extend, to explain, to magnify nature; the instinct of the masses has never been confined to it, they have always sought and seen something beyond. It is this instinctive and as yet indestructible belief of humanity which is declared to be a radical error; it is this universal fact of human history which is now threatened with destruction.

Nor is this all; it is said that this fact is already abolished, that the *people* believe no longer in the supernatural, and that it would be vain to attempt to imbue them with it again. Incredible folly of man! Because in one corner of the world, in a day among the centuries, brilliant progress has been made in natural and historical science, because, in the name of these sciences, the supernatural has been combated in brilliant books, it is now proclaimed as vanquished, abolished! Nor is it simply in the name of the learned, it is in the name of the people that this verdict is pronounced. You have, then, utterly forgot-

ten, or you have never understood man and his history. You know, then, absolutely nothing of the masses which populate the earth. You have never, then, penetrated the millions of souls in which a faith in the supernatural is and remains present and active even while their words seem to disavow it. Know you not the wide difference between the heart and the surface, between the fickle breezes which agitate the surface and the immutable instincts which rule the soul? It is true there are in our day many fathers, mothers, children who think themselves skeptical, and who mock at miracles; but follow them into the privacy of their home and the trials of their life—how act these parents when their child is sick, these farmers when their crops are menaced, these sailors when their ships are tempest-tossed? They look to heaven, they pray, they invoke that supernatural power whom you declare to be abolished from their thought. By their own act they give to their own and your words a striking denial.

Let me approach you. I concede to you that faith in the supernatural is abolished; I will enter with you the societies, the classes which boast of this moral ruin. What do we see? In the place of divine miracles we find human miracles; man seeks and demands them, and those are found who invent them for him. We need not go far in time and space to find the supernatural of superstition rising on the ruins of the supernatural of religion and credulity in the advance of falsehood.

Let us leave these unhealthy crises of humanity; let us enter its permanent and serious history. We will find that an instinctive belief in the supernatural has ever been the source, and foundation of all religion. The most serious and also the most perplexed of the thinkers who in our day have treated this subject, M. Edmond Scherer, has clearly seen that such is the fact; it is thus that he has stated it in his *Theological Conversations*, a beautiful and sad image of the fermentation of his thoughts and of his mental struggles. "The supernatural is not something external to religion," says one of the speakers between whom M. Scherer raises a debate, "it is religion itself." "No," says the other, "the supernatural is not the essence of religion, but rather that of superstition; the supernatural has no relation to the human soul, for it is the essence of the supernatural to transcend this ensemble of conditions which constitute credibility, and this is anti-human." The discussion grows animated, and the contrary troubles of the two interlocutors are revealed. "Per-

haps," says the rationalist, "the supernatural was once a necessary form of religion for the uncultivated; but, wrong or right, our modern culture rejects the miracle; it does not precisely deny it, but it is indifferent to it. The preacher himself knows not what to do with it; the more deep and living is his Christianity the more does the miracle disappear from his teaching. Formerly the miracle was the essence of the sermon; it is now its secret embarrassment. Every one feels vaguely at the recital of the miracles of Scripture, just as he feels on hearing the legends of the saints; they belong not to religion, they are only its excrescence." "It is true," cries sadly the trembling Christian, "we do believe no longer in the miracle. You might have added, 'we believe scarcely in God;' the two go together. There is much talk nowadays of Christian spiritualism, of religion of the consciousness; and you yourself seem to see in the abandonment of the miracle a progress of religion. Ah, could I but tell you with sufficient emphasis how much the deep experience of my heart protests against such an opinion! When I see my faith in the miraculous vacillating then I see also the image of God vanishing from my vision; he ceases to be for me the free, living, personal God with whom the soul converses as with a master and friend; and when this holy intercourse ceases what is left to us? How sad and disenchanted does life then seem! Reduced to eating, sleeping, and money-making, deprived of all horizon, how puerile seems our ripe age, how sad our evening of life, how senseless our activities! No more of mystery is equal to no more of innocence; no longer an infinite and there is no longer a heaven above us, no longer any poetry. Ah, be assured that the incredulity which rejects the miracle tends to depopulate heaven and to disenchant earth! The supernatural is the natural sphere of the soul. It is the essence of its faith, hope, and love. I know that criticism is plausible, that it often seems triumphant; but I know also, and will submit to you, that in ceasing to believe in the miracle the soul feels that it has lost the secret of the divine life; it is thenceforth solicited by the abyss; soon it lies on the ground, yes, and often in the mire."

In his turn the skeptic grows troubled and sad. "The history of man," says he, "seems to me to revolve between the following limits: The world begins by religion, and, attributing all phenomena to a first cause, sees God everywhere. Then comes philosophy, which, discovering the system of second causes, dimin-

ishes so far the direct intervention of divinity, and, resting on the idea of necessity—for necessity alone falls in the domain of science, and science is but the knowledge of the necessary—tends by its fundamental results to exclude God from the world. It does more—it denies human liberty as it has denied God. The reason is plain; liberty is a cause outside of the chain of causes, a first cause, a cause that is the cause of itself; and hence philosophy, unable to explain it, denies it. Strict philosophy is always fatalistic. But in this way it destroys itself. When philosophy has no God but the universe, no man but the first of mammals, it is reduced to mere natural history. Natural history is the sole science of materialistic epochs, and such is our epoch. But materialism is not the last word of the race. Society corrupted, enfeebled, falls to pieces in mighty convulsions; the iron harrow of revolution crushes men like the clods of the field; in the bloody furrows spring up new generations; the weeping soul believes anew; it puts faith in virtue, it finds again the language of prayer. The revival of learning was succeeded by the Reformation, Germany of Frederick the Great by Germany of 1812. It is thus that faith ever springs up out of its own ashes. But, alas! it is only to retread the path I have described. Does humanity, like the earth, advance at least in space while revolving around itself, and if it advances, toward what end is it? Whither, Savior, whither in the heavens journeys the earth?"

Surely not toward heaven would the earth move if it obeyed the impulses of the deniers of the supernatural. It is, say they, the property of the supernatural to be incredible, and, therefore, essentially anti-human. It is precisely to something, not anti-human, but super-human that the soul aspires, and it is from the supernatural that it expects it. We repeat it, the entire finite world, with all its facts and laws, can not satisfy the soul; it desires something greater and more perfect to contemplate and love, something more stable and powerful on which to confide and repose. It is from this sublime aspiration that religion in general springs, and it is the Christian religion that fully and perfectly satisfies it. Let those be undeceived who think that there may be Christians when faith in the supernatural is abolished, for then all religion whatever is abolished. It may be that, preserving a sincere religious sentiment, they may preserve something of Christianity for themselves, for the soul struggles against speculative error, and moral suicide is extremely rare. But evil

grows in spreading, and the masses draw the inferences of error more strictly than its originator. The people are not philosophers, and if you destroy in them a belief in the supernatural, you destroy in them Christianity.

Has it been well considered? Conceive what man would become if religious faith were really destroyed! I care not to indulge in complaints and sinister anticipations, but I hesitate not to assert that imagination can not grasp the evil that would ensue if all Christian ideas and influences were banished from our souls. Not one could tell the degree of degradation to which humanity would fall.

I shall not confine myself here to the moral and practical question; I shall consider the supernatural in the light of the speculative and free reason.

It is condemned by virtue of its mere name. Nothing, it is said, exists or can exist outside of and above nature. Nature is one and complete, every thing is embraced in it, depends on it, is bound to it, and in it is developed necessarily.

And this brings us to pure pantheism—that is, pure atheism. I give at once to pantheism its true name. It is true, most men who at present disbelieve the supernatural do not desire to be atheists. I will declare to them that they make others such, though they desire not so to be called themselves. The denial of the supernatural in the name of the unity and universality of nature is pantheism, and pantheism is atheism.

The permanency of the laws of nature is appealed to; this, it is said, is the evident and incontestable fact which human experience establishes, and on which the conduct of life rests. Into the permanent order of natural law we can not admit partial and momentary infractions; we can not believe in the supernatural, in the miracle.

It is admitted that general laws do govern nature. But does this imply that they are necessary, and admit of no suspension? There is a wide difference between what is general and what is necessary. The permanency of the present laws of nature is a fact of experience; but we might conceive them otherwise, they might change. Some have changed, for science proves that nature has been other than it now is; it had a beginning; the creation of the present order of nature is as certain a fact as that order itself. And what is creation but a supernatural fact, the act of a being superior to the laws of nature, who can modify them as well as establish them? The first of miracles is God.

There is a second, and it is man. I repeat, that, as a moral and free being, man lives outside of and above the general laws of nature; by his will he creates facts which are not the result of a preëxisting law; and these facts take place in an order absolutely independent of the visible order which governs the world. The moral liberty of man is a fact as certain, as natural as the order of nature, and it is at the same time a supernatural fact, essentially distinct from the order of natural law.

God is preëminently moral and free, that is, capable of acting as a first cause, outside of the causes of nature; and man is like God, sustaining to him intimate relations. Who can define and sound the possibilities and mysteries of these relations? Who will dare to say that God can not, and does not at times, modify, according to his designs in the moral world, the laws which he has himself instituted in the material world?

Men hesitate absolutely to deny the possibility of supernatural facts; but they attack them indirectly. If they are not impossible, it is said, they are altogether incredible; for no special testimony in favor of a miracle can produce a conviction equal to the contrary conviction which results from our experience of the uniformity of natural law. [Here the author inserts Hume's noted argument.]

What confusion of fact and of thought! What a superficial solution of one of the grandest problems of our nature! What, shall a mere arithmetical weighing of experimental observations decide whether man's universal belief in the supernatural is well-grounded, or absurd, and whether God acts on man and the world only through laws which he established once for all time, or whether he continues yet, in the exercise of his power, to use his liberty! Not only does the skeptical Hume thus misconceive the grandeur of the problem, he is deceived in the premises on which he bases his narrow idea: it is not upon experience only that human testimony bases its authority; that authority has deeper sources, and a value antecedent to experience; it is one of the natural bonds, spontaneous sympathies, which unite together individuals and generations: is it by virtue of experience that the child has perfect confidence and faith in the words of its mother? Nay, the mutual confidence of men in their fellows is a primitive and spontaneous instinct, which experience may confirm or shake, repair or limit, but which it does not create.

I find in Hume's Essay also this statement: "As the surprise, mingled with wonder, which miracles excite is an agreeable emotion, it

thence ensues that men strongly tend to believe in the events which give rise to this emotion." Thus, if we credit Hume, it is simply for his pleasure, for the amusement of his imagination that man believes in the supernatural; and below this real but secondary tendency, which lies on the surface of the soul, the philosopher discourses not the deep instincts and higher wants which fill it.

Why this indirect attack? Why merely maintain that miracles can not be historically proved, instead of declaring frankly that there can be no miracles? For that is what the foes of the supernatural believe. It is because, in advance, they hold miracles to be impossible, that they strive to destroy the value of the testimony which attests them. If the testimonies which surround the cradle of Christianity—what do I say—if the fourth, the tenth part of them, evidenced some wonderful unheard-of event, but which was simply not supernatural, the evidence would be held as sufficient, and the event certain. Seemingly, it is only the testimonial proof of the supernatural that is objected to; but, in fact, it is the possibility itself of the supernatural that is denied. It were better to state the question plainly, instead of attacking it indirectly.

It is only lately that some daring spirits have not hesitated to state it boldly thus: "The new doctrine, the main principle of criticism, is the denial of the supernatural." . . . I do not charge the doubters of Hume's school with greater timidity. It was not by cunning that they attacked the supernatural indirectly. I concede to them more honor. An honest instinct checked them in their downward course; they saw that to deny the supernatural was to rush full-sail into pantheism and fatalism, that is, to abolish God and human liberty. Their moral sense, their common sense, checked them. The fundamental error of the adversaries of the supernatural is to combat it in the name of human science, and to place it in the domain of science. The supernatural belongs not to that domain; and the attempt to put it there is what has led to its denial.

NECESSITY FOR INSTRUCTION.

THE fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation, in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.—*Barrow.*

THE LAUREL LEAF.

BY EVELLA CLARK.

HERE is a laurel leaf, finely grained,
 Daintily tinted, delicate-veined,
 Rounded and ripened by sunshine and dew—
 "Just twenty miles out of London it grew."
 So says the letter that came to-day,
 The letter that held it and bore it away
 Out of Old England, and over the sea—
 This one little leaf, with its mission to me.
 And I hold it here in my hand and think
 How it opened, and ripened, and tossed on the brink
 Of some bending bough all the Summer long;
 How, on moonlighted eves, it thrilled to the song
 Of the nightingale; how, at earliest day,
 The lark rose sudden and soared away,
 Straight up to the sky with the dew on his wings,
 Fresh with the breath of all flowery things.
 I think how the primroses, pale and fair,
 Dotted the green of the grass over there;
 How, from over the purple moors, the breeze
 Came singing its sweet-scented way to the seas;
 I think of the leaf that nearest it grew,
 Fed by the same bright drops of dew,
 Tinted like this by the same rich rays,
 Listening with this to the lark's clear lays,
 Talking with this in the yellow light
 Of the long, still noon of the midsummer night.
 I wonder where is that comrade, to-day;
 This, here in my hand—that, far away—
 Withered, and trampled, and torn, it may be,
 Over the Continent, over the sea.
 And I wonder why this should have come to me here—
 Why, one dismallest day in the sear of the year,
 This hint of the Summer should come to my soul,
 Helping to hallow and make it whole.
 What had this leaf to do with my life?
 Why should it come dropping into the strife
 Of my restless thought with its touch of peace?
 How should it give me such quick release
 From my discontent? Was it sent as a sign
 Of a Somewhat that cared for me out of the line
 Of dull causes and sequences—Somewhat divine?
 How does it happen that sometimes, when vexed
 With deceit, or with falseness, or sorely perplexed
 With some painfulest problem, straight on to its mark
 Cleaves some arrow-like thought through the midst of
 our dark,
 And lo, all is plain—and, in rapture of rest,
 We see that the banefulest still was the best?
 Why sometimes, in a weird and windy night
 Of your soul's life—when, to your sicklied sight,
 All things under the sun most somber seem—
 Drops out of the clear heaven a Sabbath dream
 Of white-blooming forests and fountains fair,
 With cool breath of lavender lading the air?
 You waken and say, "Go, sweet dream, if you will,
 But the bloom and the breath of you linger still."
 How chanced it that yesterday, when a light word
 From the lips of a friend cut sharp as a sword,
 The buzz of a fly on the window pane
 Brought quick to your thought a whole Summer again?

A whole Summer of home, and friendship, and life,
 Quit of all restlessness, pure of all strife—
 Were it well for you, then, to be vexed and say
 Any harsh words, or bitter, to stain the day
 Hallowed so by your memories tender and sweet?
 Could you be unforgiving? Or would it be meet
 To weep for the wrong while you yet are so rich?
 While still in the soul of your soul is a niche—
 Too lofty for envy—too holy for scorn—
 Gilded with light of perpetual morn?
 How was it ordered that one poor fly,
 With a waft of his wings, should lift you so high,
 Out of all anger, and scorn, and pain,
 Into the heaven of your soul again?

How is it that sometimes a flash falls swift
 As the wingèd lightning out of the rift
 Of a storm-cloud—showing clear as day
 Some precipice yawning across our way?
 How that, as often in days of snow,
 Clear tokens the coming of Spring-time show,
 The violet breath of a blessing near
 Startles the spirit with sudden cheer?
 Who tempers the tones of the birds that sing
 Out of a lilac at morn, to bring
 Voices that only your spirit can hear,
 More sweet than divinest of songs to your ear?
 Who commissions a thistle-down floating near
 To waft you a hope from a holier sphere,
 To quicken your courage and temper your fear?
 What cares for us when we are careless? what wakes
 When our souls are asleep or slothful? What breaks
 The bands that oppress us which we can not see?
 What lifts us and bears us where we can not flee?
 What gives, without asking, the soft balm to flow
 For the healing of wounds which we do not know?
 What rules and what counsels, what comes and what
 goes
 In the strange realm of spirits? Who knows, who
 knows?

WE KNEW 'T WOULD BE LIGHT IN THE MORNING.

BY H. BAXTER.

WE feared not, nor fainted, though dark was the sky,
 For we knew that the day would be dawning,
 Though the storm-laden clouds so swiftly did fly,
 Yet we knew 't would be light in the morning.
 We trusted in God, who is mighty to save,
 And none were ever yet disappointed;
 His voice called the sleeping dead from the grave,
 The voice of God's holy anointed.
 We feared not, nor fainted, though sin for a time
 Seem'd to triumph in spite of all warning;
 Though hope seem'd to vanish throughout our fair clime,
 Yet we knew 't would be light in the morning.
 Now, glory to God! by whose power we stand,
 For the glorious hope reawaking;
 We trusted our cause to his Almighty hand,
 And the day that we long'd for is breaking.
 Then help us to praise thee, with heart and with voice,
 While we all in glad anthems are joining;
 To praise thee, O God! through whom we rejoice,
 For we knew 't would be light in the morning.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF TRIFLES.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

UNLESS we have often stopped to notice the operations of our minds, we will hardly imagine upon what little things we base our judgment. In studying character especially, we allow very slight circumstances to determine our opinion. It is probable that this is much more true of woman than of man. As he generally comes to his conclusions by connecting logically distinctly-perceived premises, he can almost always explain why he thinks thus, or so. But Shakspeare shows his usual discrimination by putting this expression into a woman's mouth—"I have no other than a woman's reason; I think it so, because I think it so." But men, too, are often unable to prove to others, or see themselves, the connection between the trifles which they have made their premises, and the conclusion they have deduced therefrom. It is thus often better for a judge not to explain too fully the basis of his opinion, because it is almost impossible to make apparent to others the cumulative evidence of the hundred little things which have been guiding him to his conclusion. The same difficulty is experienced in explaining why we have this or that opinion on very many subjects.

You read a quotation of half a dozen lines in a paper, and learn the name of the author. This is all the acquaintance you have with him, and yet who will say that it does not often amount to an acquaintance? An image of the author rises immediately in your mind, and from that little paragraph you clothe it with attributes. Of some points in his character you have clear ideas, though you may feel yourself that you have little foundation for them.

Or you hear a person speak. How quickly you decide something concerning him by the words he chooses! Perhaps he has been at church, and says, "It was a blessed season; such precious words fell from the sainted man's lips!" Is it an obscure idea those adjectives awaken in your mind? Another says, "O, we had a splendid time; it was a real, spiritual drunk!" Is this the same person as the one who spoke before? No, indeed; these words throw an entirely different character of draping about the name of a speaker.

You sit behind a person at a lecture. If it is a lady, look at her bonnet. It takes no clairvoyant eye to read, through all the mazes of that meshy stuff, something about the mind that is hidden from you. If it is a gentleman,

notice his head. Is not that peculiar style of hair-dressing significant? Are not the very tangles of his hair almost intelligible? You have your own ideas about that man, though you have not seen his face, and you may perhaps have judged rightly too. Yet how slight the basis of your opinion!

How significant are family names! Is it the same style of person that calls his children Ida, Stella, Walter, and Ernest, as the one who selects John, Peter, Jane, and Betsey? And if a girl's name be Mary, can you tell nothing of her character by noticing whether her friends call her Molly, Mate, Mamie, May, or Mary? Nicknames mean a great deal, and we naturally adapt our address to our ideas concerning our friends. Some girls will always be Kate, and others Kittie, just as some boys will always be Bill and others Willie, or some Jack and others Johnnie; and the different names indicate a difference in our views respecting our friends' characters.

Then notice the beginning of two love-letters. One commences, "My dear sister in Christ;" another, "My own darling." You can just imagine how the first will make his proposal. He will certainly say something about the projected union's being in accordance with the Divine decrees, and more likely than not, it will be written out beforehand. The other, it will be more difficult for us, and indeed for himself, to anticipate.

Look through your front window, and watch the passers-by. Do you not see men's soul come down into their very boots to witness for them? Look at that man. Do you not notice that he is an æsthetic by the dainty way his poet feet touch the low, dirty ground? See that one cross the road in a clumsy manner, splattering the mud upon him, yet not once looking down. Would you find him behind a milliner's counter, or in an artist's studio? Notice, too, that precise, mincing gait—that is a dandy.

Then there is chirography. In every little twist and turn of the pencil, how the mind's peculiarities reveal themselves! Can you see no difference between the rigid exactness of one hand, and the careless abandon of another; the plain matter-of-fact letters on one page, and the poetical flourishes on another; the neat carefulness of some lines, and the shiftless waywardness of others?

But it is useless longer to illustrate. We can not hide the soul. It will not be crowded into the brain and heart, and make its monastery there, but comes out even through the tips of men's fingers to tell us character, and

talks to us even through the quick sweep of an eyelash. Try to play the dainty lady, when you are not, and the clumsy way in which you hold your teacup will betray you. Wreath your face in smiles, and try to be to-night the impersonation of sweetness, and the ugly lines in your forehead will tell tales about you. Play the philanthropist, but the way you hold your pocket-book, or count your money, will give you the lie. No matter in how thick a cloak you try to shroud yourself, the soul will find some crevice through which to come out and tell the world how things are going on within.

And this life which is thus forcibly expressing itself, constantly irradiating every-where like light, is by no means ineffective. The human soul comes out in every motion of the body, only to enter every other living soul about it. By glad communion it either animates latent life, or if it comes with the hot breath of a simoon passion, it smothers the just awakening beauty, and kindles to an angry flame the little sparks of appetite and selfishness which else had quite died out.

This irradiating life is a necessity of our existence. We can not help it; but are witnessing, ever witnessing, yet for *whom* and *what*? It is of no use to try to stop the deep and constant influence of our lives; for a good man's presence is fragrant with a holy influence, though he utter not a word; and a wicked man breathes poison all about him, be he ever so quiet. It is through a complicated mesh of radiating veins that social life runs, and the strong qualities of this or that center or nucleus must be carried through all the tangled mazes of the whole. You think you are living alone—"a life to breathe without mankind." It is not so. Even the thoughts you think upon your bed to-night will have their influence, for they determine your feelings now, and will determine your actions for to-morrow, and these will preach eloquent sermons, speak sarcastic, bitter words, or sing careless, lazy songs of mirth to those who see you.

This deathless echo of our words and acts, however trifling, is partly a sad, though somewhat a comforting fact. With what a weight of bitterness do we remember our past follies, and weaknesses, and crimes! What a lacerating agony tears our hearts as we think that these can never be recalled, but will go on forever in daily-widening circles of influence! But it may comfort us too. When we are tired, and feel that we are living in vain, we may remember that through all the little forgotten incidents of the past our life has been constantly communicative. If our hearts have been pure,

those about us have drank in a holy influence. We have made them better, nobler. Our eyes are not discerning enough to read the lines ourselves have written in other minds. But if God is true, they are surely written, and we shall read them by and by.

The fact that trifles are so significant brings with it a caution. Sometimes the most unconscious gesture has a deeper and a longer influence than the most studied efforts. We may half spoil the work of years by the carelessness of a single moment. We should then be guarded, as we can not tell which shall prosper, this or that, so that all the actions of our earthly existence shall be daily bearing eloquent testimony for our Master, and be a pleading sermon to walk with us into the offered life of immortality.

CELIA—AGED SIXTEEN.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

Cold hands—clasp them lightly
On breast as cold;
Pale flowers, gleaming whitely,
Let them infold.

Closed eyes—darkly shaded
By Death's black wing;
All the light sadly faded
Love used to fling.

White robes—fold them purely
On the still breast;
After the battle, surely,
Cometh the rest.

Weep not—for there lingers
No line of care;
Lift not the snowy fingers
Clasped as in prayer.

Prayer turned to praise, ringing
Through Heaven's dome,
Lost in the song they're singing
There—in that home.

Fair child! have they made thee
Bride of the light?
Bright angel! have they paid thee
Well for earth's night?

Our love could not lengthen
Life's failing bands;
Our wishes could not strengthen
Love's parting hands.

Earth's light, darkened ever
By change and care;
Heaven's brightness, clouded never,
No night is there.

Fair child! we have found thee
Robings of white;
Bright angel! they have crowned thee
Bride of the light.

THE MASTERPIECE OF WEST.

BY REV. JAMES I. BOSWELL.

THERE is a painting now on exhibition in Philadelphia which well deserves the closest study. It is of colossal size—seventeen feet in height, by twenty-two feet in length—and contains over a hundred figures. It is entitled "Christ Rejected," and is, by common consent, regarded as the finest work of the great American artist, Benjamin West. It was executed by that artist when he had nearly reached the advanced age of eighty years. Time that had enfeebled the body had not yet touched with decay that artistic genius which gained for its possessor a world-wide fame.

Those who have read in the "Repository" for 1863 the articles on the life of West, may feel some interest in a brief description of his most remarkable work. Sydney Smith, who once asked with a sneer, "Who reads an American book?" gazed on this product of American art with delight, and graciously declared, "I can preach no better sermon than that picture."

The scene depicts the elevated place in front of the judgment-hall. In the background is the "hall," or palace, built by Herod, with its Doric columns and magnificent arches. The gallery in front of these arches is filled with spectators, who gaze with varied emotions on the solemn scene below. Here stands the wife of Pilate. She sees the "just man" that is now the object of Jewish malice; she remembers her foreboding dream, and weeps in sympathy for him who is to die, or in fear of some unknown evil which may come upon those who consent to his death.

The central point of interest is the figure of our Savior, who stands on the left of the picture. The crown of thorns rests upon the bleeding brow. The hands are bound together, and loosely hold the reed which in cruel mockery is given him for a scepter. Near by is one who eagerly bends forward to inflict the cruel scourging which Pilate vainly hoped would appease the wrath of the multitude. The royal robe is about to be thrown over the Savior; but he heeds it not. The noise of angry tumult is unnoticed. The head is bent forward, and in the majestic lines of that divine countenance we read meekness and resignation triumphant over pain. In this one figure the artist has shown consummate skill. He had no easy task before him. For many centuries the sufferings and death of the Savior have afforded subjects for the highest efforts of genius. Yet few there are who have approached

success. The skill of the cunning artist seems to fail in depicting those scenes of darkness and of blood through which came the world's redemption.

In marked contrast with Christ is Barabbas. He stands on the steps which lead to the portal of the tower where he has been imprisoned. His hands are bound tightly behind him. He looks like a man of ferocious strength. His black hair is matted over his forehead, and from his heavy brows he casts a sullen, yet withal a hopeful look. Stubborn was the bigotry and fearful the crime of those Jewish leaders who demanded liberty for Barabbas and crucifixion for Christ.

Near to the noted robber are the two thieves, who are about to suffer with Christ. The one has a brutal look that seems to defy pain and despise death. The other looks to Jesus with pity, that one who had done nothing amiss should be crucified. The conduct of each when hanging on the cross is already shadowed forth in their countenances. In front of Christ stands Pontius Pilate. He is clad in the Roman garb, and the crown of ivy shows his official position. His face is thin and crafty. He is anxious to save Christ, and still more anxious to please the people. He has already offered to release Jesus unto them, according to a custom at the Passover; but they cried out, "Not this man, but Barabbas!" Finding all his efforts in vain, and fearing they would say he was not Caesar's friend, he brings Jesus forth, and with right hand extended toward him, he cries out to the Jews, "Behold your king!" The artist depicts the scene which now ensues—the scene which closes this extraordinary trial and condemnation of an innocent man. Pilate turns toward the Jewish mob as he utters these words. In front of him stands Caiaphas. His richly-embroidered robes set off his majestic person, while the gleaming breastplate, on which are inscribed the names of the twelve tribes, shows that he is the high-priest. He has heard Pilate say, "Behold your king!" Scorn and indignation now sparkle on his face, and with extended arms he leads in that fearful cry which now breaks from many angry lips, and resounds like the surging waves of the stormy sea, "Away with him, away with him, crucify him."

The eye turns in relief from the enemies of Jesus to his friends, who give him unavailing sympathy. Joseph of Arimathea—a noble figure—stands absorbed in silent grief. He sees there is no hope of averting cruel death. Near by is James the Less, younger and more hopeful. With hands anxiously clasped, he bends

forward, eager to catch the final decision which Pilate is about to utter. Peter, with averted head, sheds bitter tears. His ardent and impulsive nature made him shrink once from danger and deny his Master: but earnestly did he repent of his conduct, and nobly did he atone for it. In the foreground is a group of female figures. Mary Magdalene is kneeling upon the cross, not yet erected; and with outstretched arm and sorrowing countenance strives to impart some ray of comfort to her suffering Lord. Mary, the mother of Christ, leans on the arm of John his beloved disciple, who tenderly supports her in this her hour of terrible grief.

There is one leading figure in the group, and only one, who seems to be indifferent to the scene that is passing. It is the executioner, whose work has destroyed all sympathy he may once have felt for sorrow. He is strong and muscular, well fitted to raise the cross and drive the nails in the quivering flesh. He is seated on the ground, and with some of the implements of his cruel work in his hand is explaining the mode of crucifixion to two boys, who shrink back in mingled horror and disgust.

There are some minor figures we need not describe in detail. Among them is the Roman centurion, clad in complete armor, who in the hour of Christ's death was forced to exclaim, "Surely, this man was the son of God!" Near him is a file of soldiers, one of whom, in barbarian dress, bears aloft the world-wide standard of the Roman empire.

Such is a brief description of the masterpiece of West. We are glad to know that handsome steel engravings of it will soon be issued. If the present age creates no great production, let it have the humbler, but no less useful, office, to make the works of great artists, who once have lived, so cheap and popular, that no man's home will be too poor to be without them.

TRUE LOVE TO CHRIST.

BY REV. H. M. DEXTER.

IT is very easy to think that we love Christ, and to love Christ when it is not Christ the Savior, the God-man, Christ the holy one; but when it is merely Christ the lovely one whom we love—love poetically, and not practically. Every impassioned nature of necessity must be attracted toward the picture of such a life of gentleness, and purity, and benevolence; every philosophic nature must be attracted toward the utterances of such a teacher as he was; every pathetic nature must be attracted toward

the story of such sufferings as his; every child-nature must be fascinated by the vivid description of such a heroic life as he lived; and yet this poetic, philosophic, instinctive admiration and love, which may shed a mellow and attractive glow over the whole soul and life, may so fail of what is evangelical and essential to salvation in Christ, as to exist without one trace of saving effect upon the soul—one symptom of real piety. The last infidel who has written a book—I refer to that singular and fascinating *Life of Jesus*, which has just been issued by M. Renan, of the French Institute—has placed on its last page one of the most eloquent and loving tributes that ever was written by human pen to the character of Jesus; and again and again, in the book, you feel that the man loves Jesus—loves the Jesus of his conception with a real love; and yet the whole object and the result of his volume is to degrade our Lord; to take the crown of divinity off his head, and the seamless robe of moral perfection off his back, and give him to us a great and noble, but yet an erring, deceived, and short-sighted man! So that we may really love Christ with a kind of love—as one loves the character of John Howard, or Florence Nightingale—and still be an infidel—not even *almost* a Christian.

FUTURE EXISTENCE.

IT is hard to think that when the ties of kindred and friendship are linked around the heart—when intellect has achieved its lofty triumphs and has wound its power into song, and left it in sculptured beauty—when the noble, the good, the loved, the beautiful have passed to the grave, it is hard to think that we shall never behold them again; we cling to the hopes which spring up amid these dark thoughts and tell us these things are so. We behold the mean, groveling worm of to-day transformed, on to-morrow, a thing of glory, that flutters in the beauty of a new and bright-winged existence, and we say, "Thus shall men die and live again." We behold the seasons of the sear leaf and falling fruit—the snow-wreathed hill and ice-bound stream, and when they pass and the earth rejoices again, and streams break their fetters, and the trees put forth their loveliness, and the flowers look up and smile at us, we exclaim, "Thus shall man, who fades away like the Summer flower, or the Autumn leaf, break from the bonds of earth, and exult in a new clime, where the sun never sets, and where all is bright forever."

The Children's Repository.

FORTUNE.

BY SHEELAH.

"THERE'S Henry Winthrop just passed and pretended not to see us."

"He's short-sighted," was smilingly suggested.

"O, his father has made a fortune, that's what has shortened his sight. My father says he knew the time when the Winthrops could see any one who would be likely to leave a dime in their store."

"I know Mr. Winthrop made his money, and the family are, perhaps, a little purse-proud, but I also know that Henry is short-sighted, and if he'd seen us that time he would have spoken to us."

"Well, it's no matter; when I'm a man I'll make a fortune myself. I'm determined to do it, and then I can afford to be short-sighted too."

This dialogue took place in Union Square, between two boys as they wound up the strings of their kites preparatory to going home. They were not aware of any one being within hearing till, on suddenly turning, they perceived just behind them a lady seated on a bench.

"Good evening, boys," she said as they turned toward her; "I have been an unintentional listener to your remarks; have you any objection?"

"O, no, ma'am," said the elder boy who had first spoken, "we weren't saying any thing we care about."

"I'm very glad," was the smiling rejoinder; "and now if you were not just going away I should like you to sit with me awhile; but perhaps I may meet you both or one of you again and have an opportunity of making your acquaintance. In the mean time," and she took the elder boy's hand, "will you do me a favor?"

The boy looked surprised, but he readily answered, "Certainly, ma'am."

"Well, dear, have you a Bible at home?"

The boy nodded.

"Look in the Bible for the word fortune, and next time you see me tell me all you find there on the subject. I sometimes come to this square to walk, and shall look out for you, hoping to meet you again. Now, good-by,

and may God bless you!" and, shaking hands kindly with both the boys, she let them go.

The young friends sauntered away thoughtfully, and they had gone some distance homeward before either spoke. At length the elder said, "I wonder if the Bible tells how a fellow can make his fortune?"

"I do n't think so," was the reply.

"But what else could she mean?"

"I do n't know." And no more was said.

The subject, however, was the all-important one to John Fitzpatrick. Though his father was able to make a comfortable living, and he had never seen want in any shape, yet he had always been dissatisfied with his lot. He envied all who possessed the charm of wealth, and a craving for the distinction and importance which fortune bestows had possessed him since he had been able to think. This chance meeting with a strange lady who directed him on the subject uppermost in his mind seemed an adventure which would lead to the realization of his hopes, and immediately upon reaching home he took down the Bible with a resolve that if it contained golden knowledge he would find it.

Fortune was the word for which he should seek, and hour after hour he pored over the book, turning from one part to another, reading the headings of chapters, and glancing down pages, but no such word as that which rung in his head was revealed to his eager eyes. At last he gave it up and closed the book in disappointment.

"What did that lady mean," he mentally exclaimed, "by sending me to the Bible for a word that's not in it?" and a feeling very much akin to anger rose in the boy's heart against his unknown friend.

But soon he recollected that while turning over the sacred leaves his glance had fallen upon words which might be used in a similar sense with the one he sought. Riches he had seen in the Bible, also money, also gain; of these he would read, and, quick as the thought entered his mind, he opened the wise book once more. Again he turned the leaves, running his eyes over each till his glance lit upon "riches," when he stopped and read, "Let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

He paused a moment, then turned the leaves rapidly till, away back in the book, his eye was again arrested, and he stopped and read:

"But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

More thoughtfully he turned the leaves now back and forth, and presently another passage called his attention; it was this: "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The boy had read enough; he clasped his hands upon the open page, laid his cheek upon them, and resigned himself to deep and earnest thought.

The next evening John Fitzpatrick hastened to Union Square in order to seek his new friend. She had been the means of directing his mind into a new current, and he longed to have a conversation with her. Miss Norton, who was equally desirous of meeting the boy, made it her way to pass through the square, and he, who was watching for her, hastened to her side. She shook hands with him, and, as she led him to a seat, inquired, "Well, my boy, what does the Bible say about fortune?"

"I could n't find the word fortune, ma'am; I found other words of like meaning, though."

"And what did you learn on the subject?" asked the lady encouragingly, for the boy had paused and looked down.

It was some moments before the answer came, and then it was in a low voice with the eyes still cast down.

"I learned," he said, "that fortune is not the only thing."

"That is just what I wanted you to learn," exclaimed Miss Norton, "and I knew the Bible would teach you better than I could. Continue to read that good book, my dear, and it will put you in the way of acquiring riches of real value—riches beside which the proudest wealth of this world will appear mean and trifling. You did not find the word 'fortune' in the Bible, for it has no business there. It is the name of a heathen goddess, and is suggestive of gain acquired by chance—a superstition which, of course, could have no place in the Word of Truth. Prosperity, if not inherited, must be the reward of endeavor; and, though this endeavor is not blameworthy while kept within proper bounds, yet they who suffer the desire for profit to engross their minds are in the situation of idolaters."

John raised his head with an inquiring look.

"Yes," continued Miss Norton, "*idolaters*. They worship gold, and have no higher object of worship. Hear what our Lord himself says: 'No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. You can not serve God and mammon.' Now, dear boy," and Miss Norton laid her hand on the lad's shoulder and looked kindly in his face, "now choose which you will serve, God or mammon. Which will you live for, eternity, or barter your soul for the world?"

The answer came in a clear, decided tone: "I will serve God, ma'am, and I will live for eternity."

"May God bless you, my child," said the lady, "and help you to keep that holy resolve! I do not know who you are, I never saw you till last evening; but I have prayed earnestly for you since, and shall pray for you still; and, though I do not care whether you ever possess any of this world's substance, yet I sincerely desire that you may become a 'partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.'"

John Fitzpatrick never forgot the promise made that hour. He joined the Sunday school to which Miss Norton belonged, and soon after joined the Church. It is two years since. His earthly prospects are still humble, but his heart has soared above "the weak and beggarly elements" of the world. He has found the "exceeding riches of grace," and Miss Norton is glad that she was led to speak to him while he was yet a stranger to her, and led to pray for him before she knew his name.

A HEATHEN KING.

BY ANNA JULIA TOY.

NOW, children, let me tell you a story or two of a heathen king. The country in which he lived was naturally very beautiful, and he made it still more so, dotting it here and there with his palaces and villas and all the beautiful creations of art. One of the principal residences of the king was in the capital city. This stood in the midst of a valley carpeted with verdure and thickly sprinkled with stately trees. The air was so perfectly clear and pure that one standing on the pinnacle of this palace could see for miles, the historian says, "a picturesque assemblage of woodlands, and cultivated plains, and shining cities, and shadowy hills, spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama." The whole valley was covered with flowers. They grew plenti-

fully in native wildness, and the people cultivated them in gardens. A great many were needed in their feasts to their idols, for—is it not strange?—in the midst of all this beautiful handiwork of God the people worshiped stocks of wood and stone.

In the center of this flower-covered valley were five lakes. Their borders were thickly studded with houses and hamlets, and in the midst of one of them, "like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, stood the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples reposing, as it were, in the bosom of the waters." High over all rose the royal hill, the residence of the Mexican monarch, crowned with a grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. Upon this "royal hill" stood the royal palace. Its walls were lined with alabaster, a very costly material, and hung with tapestries of richly-tinted feather-work, which the natives were very skillful in making. Beautiful winding archways led into gardens where there were baths and sparkling fountains, overshadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. There were artificial ponds stocked with fish of various kinds, and there were immense cages filled with birds glowing in all the many-colored plumage of that warmer climate. Birds of other climates which could not be brought there were represented in gold and silver and perched upon the trees.

Two hundred thousand men, it is said, were employed in building this palace. The king's children had palaces all to themselves. But they were not allowed to live in idleness. They were taught all kinds of exercises, and were also instructed in the arts of metals, and jewelry, and feather-work. Once in every four months the king assembled all his family together, servants and all, in one of the ground halls of his own palace to listen to some distinguished orator. On these occasions every body was made to wear the coarsest clothes he had, perhaps in order that no one should consider himself superior to his neighbor, and so that all might receive the same kind of advice.

Besides this grand palace the king had a great many villas or country seats. His favorite one was laid out in terraces or hanging gardens. The ascent to these terraces was by five hundred and twenty steps cut in the solid rock. On the top of a hill in the center of the grounds was a reservoir of water. The water was taken to this basin by an aqueduct or water-course made for the purpose and carried over several miles of hill and valley. In

the middle of this basin of water a large rock lifted up its head. This rock was covered with the kind of writing used in those days, giving an account of the king and of the great things he had done. Lower down the hill were three other basins of water, in each of which stood the marble statue of a woman. In another tank was the figure of a large-winged lion cut out of the solid rock, and in its mouth it held a portrait of the king. He had had many other likenesses taken, some in gold, some in feather-work, and some in other precious things, but this was the only one which pleased him.

One would think that if earthly magnificence ever could satisfy an immortal soul or make it entirely happy this Mexican king ought to have been satisfied and happy. But O, it is the world within, it is the heart which makes the outer world bright or dull, and which occasions satisfaction or dissatisfaction with our surroundings. Some of the Mexican kings were happy and some were not. This was owing entirely to whether or not they were good or bad, for even in their heathen faith there was such a thing as goodness or wickedness.

The king of whom this story is related was considered by most of his subjects a pretty good king. He felt that outside show had very little to do with man's real happiness. He did not consider himself any richer than the poorest good boy in his realm. He had a very singular habit of wandering about among the humble ones of his kingdom so disguised that he could not be known. He did this that he might be able to find out for himself how that class of persons lived and whether or not they were happy. One day he was looking out of a latticed window that overlooked the market. A poor woodsman and his wife had come to market, bringing with them their little load of wood to sell. While they were standing there with patience waiting for a customer the man began to utter his complaints aloud. He thought their little load had cost them a great deal of labor. They first had to chop it down, then measure it, then pile it on the wagon, and then cart it a long way to the market-place.

"A great deal of work," said he, "for a mere trifle in return, while the master of the palace before which we are standing lives an idle life. He is not obliged to toil, and yet he has all the luxuries of the world at his command."

In this mode he was going on with his complainings when the good woman, his wife, stopped him.

"Take care what you say," said she, "for you might be overheard."

He had been already overheard, and by the king himself, although neither one of them had had the least idea that his Majesty was near, listening with much amusement and interest to the conversation.

The king immediately ordered the couple into his presence. They appeared before him terrified and conscience-stricken. Trembling, they awaited to hear what he had to say. He gravely inquired what they had said. What could the poor creatures do but tell the truth? In reply the king said to them that he knew he had great treasures at his command, but at the same time he had even greater calls for them, and that he was very far from leading an "easy life." Instead of that he was weighed down with care, having the whole burden of the government. "You," said he, "have little money and fewer demands for it. You have scarcely any care, and, in fact, lead a far easier life than I. And when we both die where then will be our money and our cares? Truly, I will be no richer than you. And," added he, "be more careful in the future how and where you talk, for the walls have ears."

He then ordered some of his officers standing near to bring a large quantity of cloth and give it to the poor pair, and also a generous supply of "cocoa," the name of the money used by them. He then sent them away, saying, "Go and be cheerful and frugal, and with the little you now have you will be rich, while I with all my riches shall be poor."

Another day the king was walking out attended only by a single lord. As he was passing along he saw a boy in a field gathering sticks for fuel. He went up to the boy and inquired why he did not go into the forest which was near by and gather sticks, for there he would find plenty.

"That is the king's woods," answered the boy, "and he would punish me with death if I should go in there to get even a few sticks to keep the cold away."

The monarch was very willing to learn what effect his own laws had, and what they made his own people think of him, so he asked, "What kind of a man is your king?"

"A very hard man," replied the boy; "he denies the people what God has given them."

The king urged him not to mind such laws, but to go and gather his sticks in the forest, adding, "As there is no one present I will not betray you."

But the boy sturdily refused, and bluntly said to the king, "O, you are a traitor or a

mischief-maker. You only wish to bring me into trouble."

The king then left him and went to his palace. In a short time he ordered the child with his parents to be brought before him. They were very much astonished at receiving such orders, but they were obliged to obey.

On entering the presence of the king the boy immediately recognized him as the person with whom he had talked so unceremoniously in the field. He was filled with fear. But the good-natured monarch soon relieved him by assuring him of the gratitude he felt for the lesson received, and praised him very highly for his respect for the laws. Turning to the boy's parents the good king said, "I admire the manner in which you have trained your child. You have done well to give him such principles."

He then made them a handsome present. He afterward changed the laws in such a manner as to allow any person to gather wood found upon the ground provided they did not meddle with the standing timber.

May not this heathen child become our teacher? Shall we not pay high respect to the laws of our land, and imitate that noble integrity which is the glory of a child?

THE SHUT SEED.

IT was a little brown ugly seed lying in the fair hand of a child. "Little brown speck, you are of no use," said he, and he threw it out on the hard ground. By and by a man came along that way and his cruel heel crushed it into the ground; so it was buried. But the clouds wept tears of pity, and the October winds breathed sweet music over its grave. The little child had forgotten it, and the man had been too tall to notice it; so it slept quietly by itself till one morning the flower-angels came and awoke it, saying, "Little seed, it is spring-time, you must get up and be about your work." Then little by little the seed began to send a shoot up and a root down, and one day when the child was playing by the door he saw a tiny blue flower peeping up from beside the path. "O, mamma, mamma!" he cried as he ran to the bedside of his sick mother, "God has sent you the little flower you asked for yesterday." And the sick woman laid it on her pillow, where it gladdened her heart all the day long. In each of your hearts, little brothers and sisters, be you ever so small, lies the power of doing good, as the germ of the blossom lay hid away in the shut seed.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

LOVE A WIFE AND CARE FOR A WIFE.—I wish every husband would copy into his memorandum-book this sentence from a recently-published work, "Women must be constituted very differently from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache, as if for a great misfortune. Men can not feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."

The grave hides many a heart which has been stung to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it after a certain careless fashion, was deaf, dumb, and blind to the truth in the sentence we have just quoted, or if not, was at least restive and impatient with regard to it. Many men, marrying late in life, being accustomed only to take care of themselves, and that in the most erratic, rambling, exciting fashion, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, whenever their fancy, or good cheer and amusement, questionable or unquestionable, prompted, come at last when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as fate to matrimony. For awhile it is novelty. Shortly, it is strange as irksome, their always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another; to have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most, but twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done if they provide food and clothing, and refrain—possibly—from harsh words. Ah—is it? Listen to that sigh as you close the door. Watch the gradual fading of the eye, the paling of the cheek, not from age—she should be yet young—but that gnawing pain at the heart born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of her soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives, keep them from attempting to slake their soul's thirst at poisoned fountains.

Think you, her husband, how little a kind word, a caress to you, how much to her! If you call these things "childish" and "beneath your notice," then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single.

You are one. You have no right to require of a woman her health, strength, time, and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfying return. A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, any thing, every thing but what a true woman's heart must crave—sympathy, appreciation, love. She may be rich in every thing else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good woman, she had better die.

There are hard, unloving, cold monstrosities of woman—rare exceptions—who neither require love or know how to give it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble men have occasionally

been thrown away upon such does not disprove what we have been saying. But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position, because, over the needle, a woman may think herself into an insane asylum, while the active outdoor turmoil business life is at least something of a reprieve to him.

Do you ask me, "Are there no happy wives?" God be praised, yes, and glorious, lovable husbands, too, who know how to treat a woman, and would have her neither fool nor drudge. Almost every wife would be a good and happy wife were she only loved enough. Let husbands, present and prospective, think of this.—*London Journal.*

ADDRESSED TO WISE WOMEN.—If it were justifiable to use hard words at all, the writer hereof would think it excusable when he hears women complaining of all the ills conceivable, and sees them go into the streets, or out to walk with only thin shoes and thin cotton stockings on their feet, and know they have no adequate protection for their limbs. But that is not the worst feature. It is far worse to see them send their children out equally exposed. *It is murder in the first degree.* We happen to know some women who have recovered health by learning how to make themselves comfortable—how to clothe their persons so as to keep the temperature of all parts of the body uniform. And we have known scores of poor women who went prematurely to their last rest because they never learned the comfort of being warmly clad. There are plenty of inhuman mothers left, who will sacrifice a child's health in order that it may "look pretty," or look as well as somebody's else child does. There are very few days pass that we do not see illustrations of this criminal vanity that not only make our hearts ache, but bitter words come into our mouth. Feeling thus, we want the women who read the Repository carefully to peruse the following from the pen of Dr. Dio Lewis. It is sound common-sense. It is truth:

"During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat, and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers. The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth. For these and other reasons they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at

least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then, over all, thick, padded furs; while the legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon.

"They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, 'All my blood is in my head and chest. My head and chest go bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump.' I asked, 'How are your feet?' 'Chunks of ice,' she replied. I said to her, 'If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpety-bump, and so they must go, till you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceum—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs, of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.'

"My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woolen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot bath.

"I must not forget to say that a thin layer of india rubber cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottom of our feet dry and warm."

BENEFIT OF HOUSEHOLD CARES.—Mrs. Kirkland has very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy without cares. But to perform housework is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the mother, in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, take no bodily exercise except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, or dancing at a party. Those, in short, who can afford servants can not be mean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in just about the proportion as they become fashionable. In this neglect of household cares American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of mind and body alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and, even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this results in lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the

world, and either wilts away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by ladies of the family there would be comparatively little backbiting, gossiping, enviousness, and other kindred sins, and women in good society would be much happier and much more truly lovable.

ESTIMATE OF LIFE.—There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he can not live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—*Zimmerman.*

I AND MY HOUSE WILL SERVE THE LORD.—The following beautiful lines we select from that admirable collection of sacred songs, the third series of "Hymns of the Ages:"

I and my house are ready, Lord,
With hearts that beat in sweet accord,
To serve thee and obey thee;
Be in the midst of us, we pray,
To guide and bless us, that we may
A willing service pay thee:
Of us all,
Great and small,
Make a pious congregation,
Pure in life and conversation.

Let thy good Spirit by thy Word
Work mightily in us, O Lord,
Our souls and bodies filling!
O let the sun of grace shine bright,
That there may be abundant light
In us and in our dwelling:
On our way,
Night and day,
With the heavenly manna feed us,
To the heavenly Canaan lead us.

Send peace and blessing from above,
Unite us all in faith and love
Who in this house are living;
Let charity our hearts prepare
To suffer long and all things bear,
Meek, gentle, and forgiving:
Nor in aught
Christ hath taught
Let us fail to one another,
But each love and help his brother.

Lord, let our house be built upon
Thy faithfulness and grace alone;
And when the day is closing,
And night her gloomy shadow flings,
Let us lie down beneath thy wings,
With childlike trust reposing;
E'en with a smart
In the heart,
Cheerful, happy, and confiding,
Patiently in thee abiding.

If thou shouldst bless our home with wealth,
Let not the world creep in by stealth,
And take away the blessing;
For if our hearts should empty be
Of meekness and humility,
Although all else possessing,
We should miss
That true bliss,
Which not all the world's vast treasure
Can supply in smallest measure.

C. J. P. SPITTA.

WITTY AND WISE.

A MODEL WOMAN.—"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B. is poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No, and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter; I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"O, Fred, admires simplicity."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes, for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floor with thin carpet."

"O, then I can hear his step the sooner!"

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her little brother were on their way to the grocer's the other morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost, and the wind was sharp. They were both poorly clad, but the little girl had a coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they were walking along she drew her little companion close up to her, saying,

"Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It is n't big enough for both," was his reply.

"I guess I can stretch it a little," she said.

And they got as close together and as warm as two birds in the nest.

How many shivering bodies, heavy hearts, and weeping eyes there are in this world just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

A CHILD ON SABBATH-BREAKING.—One Sunday, as a little girl of four Winters was on the way home from Church, with her father, they passed a boy splitting wood, when the father said, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" She made no reply, but appeared to be very thoughtful as she walked homeward. After entering the house her mother asked her what she had seen while she was gone, when she replied, "O, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big ax!"

VERY SUGGESTIVE.—Father O'Leary and Curran were cracking their jokes at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good father saying, "I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of heaven." "Why, Curran?" asked the divine. "Because you would then let me in," said the facetious counselor. "It would be much better for you, Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

"MORE HAY."—An old gentleman who was always bragging how folks used to work in his younger days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came. The old man was nearly covered, still he kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on the top of the ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you down here for?" cried the boys. "I came down after hay!" answered the old man stoutly.

A SCOTCH NOBLEMAN.—A Scotch nobleman seeing an old gardener of his establishment with a very ragged coat, made some passing remarks on its condition. "It's a very guid coat," said the honest old man. "I can not agree with you there," said his lordship. "Ay, it's just a verra guid coat," persisted the old man; "it covers a contented spirit, and a body that owes no man any thing, and that's mair than mony a man can say of their coat."

A PERTINENT ANSWER.—Old Professor Smith was one of the instructors of Dartmouth College years ago, and was withal about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever walked, being considered a little crabbed by intimates. One day, in early Summer, he was taking his usual stroll about the village, keeping his "eye out" for any "fast" student who might be "off duty," when he met Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the road barefooted; but he was a fine representative of "nature's noblemen."

"Halloo, Mr. Page," growled the Professor, "I should like to know if all the people of Hanover go barefoot."

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

NOT EASILY SCARED.—Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him, "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon! Do n't be afraid of it." "No, indeed, madam, I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

TRYING IT ON.—The following specimen of letter-writing is given in an article on language, in Good Words. The note was received after a tithe dinner in Devonshire: "Mr. T. presents his compliments to Mr. H., and I have got a hat that is not his, and if he have got a hat that is not yours, no doubt they are the expectant ones."

COULD N'T GET HIGH ENOUGH.—A kind-hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore. "Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor. A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife. "Well, has your husband followed my advice?" "He has done every thing in his power to do it, doctor, but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."

A CHILD'S IDEA OF HOME.—A child, when one day speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is!" Was ever a question more truthfully, beautifully, or touchingly answered?

Scripture Cabinet.

THE BIBLE.—The following elegant extract we take from Dr. Schaff's Preface to the American edition of Dr. Lange's Commentary:

Viewed merely as a human or literary production, the Bible is a marvelous book, and without a rival. All the libraries of theology, philosophy, history, antiquities, poetry, law, and policy would not furnish material enough for so rich a treasure of the choicest gems of human genius, wisdom, and experience. It embraces works of about forty authors, representing the extremes of society, from the throne of the king to the boat of the fisherman; it was written during a long period of sixteen centuries, on the banks of the Nile, in the desert of Arabia, in the land of promise, in Asia Minor, in classical Greece, and in imperial Rome; it commences with the creation and ends with the final glorification, after describing all the interesting stages in the revelation of God and the spiritual development of man; it uses all forms of literary composition; it rises to the highest heights and descends to the lowest depths of humanity; it measures all states and conditions of life; it is acquainted with every grief and every woe; it touches every chord of sympathy; it contains the spiritual biography of every heart; it is suited to every class of society, and can be read with the same interest and profit by the king and the beggar, by the philosopher and the child; it is as universal as the race, and reaches beyond the limits of time into the boundless regions of eternity. Even this matchless combination of human excellencies point to its divine character and origin, as the absolute perfection of Christ's humanity is an evidence of his divinity.

But the Bible is, first and last, a book of religion. It presents the only true, universal, and absolute religion of God, both in its preparatory process or growth under the dispensation of the law and the promise, and in its completion under the dispensation of the Gospel a religion which is intended ultimately to absorb all the religions of the world. It speaks to us as immortal beings on the highest, noblest, and most important themes which can challenge our attention, and with an authority that is absolutely irresistible and overwhelming. It can instruct, edify, warn, terrify, appease, cheer, and encourage as no other book. It seizes man in the hidden depths of his intellectual and moral constitution, and goes to the quick of the soul, to that mysterious point where it is connected with the unseen world and with the great Father of spirits. It acts like an all-penetrating and all-transforming leaven upon every faculty of the mind and every emotion of the heart. It enriches the memory, it elevates the reason, it enlivens the imagination, it directs the judgment, it moves the affections, it controls the passions, it quickens the conscience, it strengthens the will, it kindles the sacred flame of faith, hope, and charity; it purifies, ennobles, sanctifies the whole man, and brings him unto living union with God. It can not only enlighten, reform, and improve,

but regenerate and create anew, and produce effects which lie far beyond the power of human genius. It has light for the blind, strength for the weak, food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty; it has a counsel, in precept or example, for every relation in life, a comfort for every sorrow, a balm for every wound. Of all the books in the world the Bible is the only one of which we never tire, but which we admire and love more and more in proportion as we use it. Like the diamond, it casts its luster in every direction; like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines; like a healing herb, the harder it is pressed the sweeter is its fragrance.

THE CHARACTER OF PETER.—The following from Dr. Hannah's "Forty Days after the Resurrection" is the best analysis of Peter's character we have ever seen:

Peter was born with the strongest constitutional tendency to a restless and excited activity. He could not have endured a life of monotonous repose. He was a child of impulse; he would have been a lover of adventure. He was not selfish enough to be covetous, nor had he steadiness enough to be a successful ambitious man; but we can conceive of him as intensely excited for any time by any distinction or any honor placed within his reach.

Had he never seen the Lord one can not think of him as remaining all his life a fisherman of Galilee, or if the natural restraints of his position kept him there, even in that fisherman's life he would have found the means of gratifying his constitutional biases. Eager, ardent, sanguine, it needed but a spark to fall on the inflammable material, and his whole soul kindled into a blaze, ready to burst along whatever path lay open at the time for its passage.

The great natural defect of Peter was the want of steadiness, of a ruling, regulating principle to keep him moving along one line. Left to work at random, the creditability of such a susceptible spirit involved its possessor often in inconsistency, exposed him often to peril. We have, however, had the apostle so often before us that we need not say more of him. Enough has been said to bring out the strong contrast in natural character and disposition between him and John. Yet these were the two of all the twelve who finally drew closest together. The day of Pentecost wrought a great change on them both, and by so doing linked them in still closer bonds. The grace was given them which enabled each to struggle successfully with his own original defects, and to find in the other what he most wanted. It is truly singular in reading the earlier chapters of the Acts of the Apostles to notice how close the coalition between Peter and John became. Peter and John go up together to the temple. It is upon Peter and John that the lame man at the gate fixes his eye. After he is healed, it is said that he held Peter and John as if they were inseparable. It was when they saw the boldness of

Peter and John that the members of the Sanhedrim marveled. And when they commanded them to speak no more in the name of Jesus, it is said that Peter and John answered and said, as if in every voice as well as in action they were one.

THE IMPRECATORY PSALMS.—We doubt not that many have been led by recent events to read the imprecatory Psalms in a new light, and to feel that one may pray for stern retributions to overtake the guilty without any violation of a Christian spirit. An able writer in the British Quarterly attempts to prove that a desire for punishment to transgressors breathes through the New Testament as well as the Old. He says:

But the grand plea in this matter is that the Christian spirit is a forgiving spirit, that the language, "Love your enemies," is characteristic of it, and so on. Now, it is not denied that lessons of this nature have a beautiful prominence in the New Testament, but that private, personal petty, selfish revenges are disapproved. But lessons of another kind also are there, and such as are in full accordance even with these imprecatory Psalms. Did Peter sin when he indignantly exclaimed, "Thy money perish with thee?" or Paul, when he said, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha?" or yet again when he cries out, "Thou child of the devil, how shalt thou escape the damnation of hell?" Do we not all remember the language in which the Savior detects and foreshadows the awful doom of the Pharisees—a doom which, as in the case also of the woes denounced against Chorazin and Bethsaida, could have been none other in reality than his own judgment? So, too, in the last day, to make no mention of the fact that some of the severest utterances of the so-called Messianic Psalms are regarded as his, it will be recollected that it is from his mouth that are to proceed those terrible words, "Depart, ye cursed," etc.

Now, it is in vain for men who profess to believe in the Bible at all to attempt to ignore these aspects of its teaching. The Christian revelation is not simply a revelation of mercy, it is also a revelation of justice. Its character of God discloses his compassion as a father, but along with it his moral grandeur as a moral ruler. Whether to our liking or not, this revelation has its heaven and its hell, is designed for men who can believe not only that there is a God, but that there is a devil; that sin is a terrible reality, and visits upon its victims a doom as terrible as just. But may not that which is thus evidently right as an object of God's will be also right as an object of prayer on the part of natures made to partake in a special degree of his mind? The philosophy of the present paper may be briefly stated thus: What it must be right in the Divine Being to do, it may be right in inspired men to pray him to do; and conceptions of law and retribution, which certainly have their place in Providence, may have their place also in revelation.

THE WELL-SPRING OF LIFE.—"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John iv, 14.

This is our Lord's beautiful and expressive description of the grace of God in the heart of man. A deep well wherein pure living water bubbles up from the

never-failing spring. It depends not upon the rain from without, but its sources of supply are deep in the earth, beyond the vicissitudes of the season. There is a hidden stream that connects it with an inexhaustible fountain. So grace in the heart connects the soul with that stream of living water that proceeds from the throne of God and the Lamb. How many are rather cisterns than wells! In the rainy season they are full, and even overflow and spread the turbid waters all around, perhaps to the damage of surrounding objects. The wells are nothing in comparison with them at such a time; but when the drought returns they soon become empty and dry, while the wells yield their usual supply.

There is a difference in wells. Some with a full supply yield unsavory waters. The water itself in its hidden source is pure, but in the channel through which it passes it becomes impregnated with other substances, some sour, some bitter, some brackish, some pungent, and all deteriorating the sweet, delicious beverage. How sad that living waters should be filtered through such impure channels!

A well, too, that is not used stagnates, and the water loses its vitality. But the more it is used the better it grows, and the more the water is pumped out and carried away the greater the supply. The spring grows with use. So grace in the heart, the more it is exercised the more it grows. And herein the "hid treasure" of the Gospel differs from all other treasures. There is a limit to earthly treasures which cramps the selfish spirit and shuts up the avenues of the heart against the cry of want. But here it is otherwise. The living waters are abundant, and the more we impart to others, the greater the supply in the well of water that is in us, bubbling up into everlasting life. Here, then, is the secret of spiritual growth: The constant use of what we have. Let the living waters within overflow and fructify the parched earth around, and they will constantly increase both in quantity and quality. The water will grow purer and sweeter, and the supply more abundant. And when the earth around us is parched and dry, why should the well in the Christian's heart be suffered to stagnate? The fountain is inexhaustible. There is enough and to spare. Why not call upon them to come and drink? "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and those who labor to impart the living waters to their fellow-men will receive a more abundant supply themselves than those who content themselves to stand at the fountain and drink.

ESSAYS TO DO GOOD.—"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Galatians vi, 10.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin informs us that all the good he ever did to his country or mankind he owed to a small book which he accidentally met with entitled, "Essays to do Good," in several sermons from Galatians vi, 10. These sermons were written by Dr. Cotton Mather, a very able and pious minister of the Gospel in Boston. "This little book," he says, "he studied with care and attention—laid up the sentiments in his memory, and resolved from that time, which was in his early youth, that he would make doing good the great purpose and business of his life."

Library, Priscipal, and Statistical Items.

GENERAL STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR 1864.—

	1864.	1863.	Decrease.
NUMBERS IN SOCIETY—			
Members.....	829,379	6,534	1,608
Probationers.....	98,941		
Total Members.....	928,394	4,926	
Deaths.....	13,448	179	
Baptisms—Adults.....	24,809	671	
" Children.....	32,190		21
TRAVELING PREACHERS—			
Superannuated.....	965	63	
Effective.....	6,856		29
Located.....	90		32
Died.....	88		3
Admitted on Trial.....	845		29
Local Preachers.....	8,205	49	
CHURCH PROPERTY—			
Churches.....	10,015 1/2	585 1/2	
Probable Value.....	\$23,781,510	\$2,950,956	
Parsonages.....	2,948 1/2	92 1/2	
Probable Value.....	\$3,101,566	\$311,416	
Total Value.....	\$26,883,076	\$3,262,362	
BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS—			
Conference Claimants.....	78,356 35	11,946 09	
Missionary Society.....	490,016 80	98,943 78	
Tract Society.....	17,198 04	4,663 58	
American Bible Society.....	78,780 13	23,094 90	
Sunday School Union.....	14,606 59	2,972 69	
Total Contributions.....	\$678,957 91	\$141,641 04	
SUNDAY SCHOOLS—			
Schools.....	13,153 1/2	145	
Officers and Teachers.....	148,475	1,508	
Scholars.....	859,700	25,524	
Volumes in Libraries.....	2,532,175	87,289	

In looking over these statistics of membership we find an increase of one for every 167 previous members, and a little less than one for each effective preacher. The largest increase is in the Missouri and Arkansas Conference, 3,326, being an increase of nearly 100 per cent; the next is Des Moines, 1,506, being an increase of about 20 per cent. The largest decrease is found in the Ohio Conference, 2,766; but the North-Western Indiana Conference is put down for a decrease of 2,567 on a membership of about one half that of the Ohio Conference. East Baltimore loses 1,394 on a membership of 36,991; about an equal proportionate decrease is found in the Pittsburg Conference. For the year 1863 there were reported 100,549 probationers and 322,845 members; for 1864 are reported 829,379 members with 98,941 new probationers. What became of the 100,000 probationers of 1863? The whole number of deaths is 13,448, and yet the increase of full members for the year is only 4,534; that is, 100,549 probationers of 1863 only supplied the vacancy of 13,448 deceased members and added 4,534 to the list of full members. What became of the other 82,567 who stood on the Minutes at the beginning of the ecclesiastical year 1864? It will not answer this question to say that 98,941 new probationers stand on the Minutes at the close of the year 1864. We say new probationers, because the probation of the 100,549 of the previous year had long since expired. No doubt many of the 98,941 reported for 1864 are the same individuals reported for 1863, some of them continued on trial, some of them reconverted and readmitted on trial, but evidently one of the

fearfully weak points of our Church is the loss of so many probationers.

In benevolent contributions for the year there has been a noble increase of \$141,641.04, and also in the value of Church property there has been an increase of about 15 per cent. The total benevolent contributions is \$678,957.91, being an average per member of 73 1-9 cents, or, excluding probationers, an average of 81 7-8 cents. There is another item of great interest which is not given in the General Minutes; namely, the support of the effective ministry, which should stand to the credit of our members. From a table published in our December number we get an average on this item which gives per each member \$2.92, and a claim for each preacher of \$410.24. Taking this average, our 829,379 members, not including probationers, paid to their ministers for the year 1864 \$2,421,786.68. If we include this and the increase in the value of our Church property, which also came from contributions to churches and parsonages, the whole contributions of the Church amount to \$6,373,106.59! Besides this there are additional thousands that have been expended in working our Sabbath schools, in carrying on local Home Missions, and in other Christian enterprises not enumerated in the General Minutes.

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said, "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffalo is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called *elite*, and the *elite* of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AMERICA.—A most important discovery, far more so than that of the alleged source of the Nile, has just been made in South America. It is that the great river Amazon has been found to be navigable from one end to the other; that, in fact, a new route has been opened between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Library Notices.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY, and on the Religious Questions of the Day. By M. Guizot. Translated from the French under the Superintendence of the Author. 12mo. Pp. 356. New York: Carlton & Porter.—"I have passed thirty-five years of my life," says the author, "in struggling, on a bustling arena, for the establishment of political liberty and the maintenance of order as established by law. I have learned, in the labors and trials of this struggle, the real worth of Christian faith and of Christian liberty. God permits me, in the repose of my retreat, to consecrate to their cause what remains to me of life and of strength. It is the most salutary favor and the greatest honor that I can receive from his goodness."

It is pleasant to see this great layman, in the maturity of his years and ripeness of his scholarship and experience, spending his last days in this work of gratitude and love. His fame already extends throughout Christendom as a great scholar, philosopher, and champion of liberty, and he is now preparing to endear his name to thousands more by his manly and profound defense of our holy religion from the attacks of skepticism. He has taken to himself a great work. The present volume is only the first of a series, to be followed by three others which will treat of the authenticity of the Scriptures, the actual state of the Christian religion, and its future destiny. The present volume aims to explain and establish what constitutes the essence of the Christian religion; "that is to say, what those natural problems are that correspond with the fundamental dogmas that offer their solution, the supernatural facts upon which these same dogmas repose." Natural problems, Christian dogmas, the supernatural, the limits of science, revelation, the inspiration of the Scriptures, God according to the Bible, and Jesus Christ according to the Gospel, are the great themes which the author here presents. Of his style and mode of treatment of these subjects our readers have had excellent opportunity to judge in the articles which we have issued in the Repository, translated for us from the original by Professor Lacroix independently of the present edition. The present is an authorized version, and is a faithful presentation of the original. We need not commend this great work; of course every one interested in "the religious questions of the day" will read it.

THE FERRY-BOY AND THE FINANCIER. By a Contributor to the Atlantic. Tenth Thousand. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 16mo. Pp. 332. \$1.25. 4 Cuts.—This claims to be an authentic narrative of the early life of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, late Secretary of the Treasury, and now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The author, however, writing for the young has aimed to infuse spirit and interest into the scenes and incidents described, rather than weary the reader with dry details, and has introduced imaginary conversations,

and occasionally fictitious circumstances, while at the same time the facts are left unchanged and the character is faithfully and carefully depicted. It is not easy to write a book in this way, and yet we feel that the author has succeeded, and has produced a book which accurately presents to us the boy-life of Mr. Chase, and at the same time enlists the constant interest of the young reader, and fastens the great lessons of the book more impressively upon the mind than would be done by a dry detail of facts. It is one of a series of books thus treating the early lives of eminent men who have risen to their high places by diligence, patience, goodness, and perseverance, and the avidity with which they have been seized by the young folks shows that they have struck the right key. Their popularity is well-deserved.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, from the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the Capture of Roanoke Island. By William M. Thayer. Author of the "Pioneer Boy," etc. 16mo. Pp. 347. Same Publishers.—Mr. Thayer has amply proved his ability to write for the young. His "Pioneer Boy," being a graphic life of the President written for youth, has already gone into the hands of thousands, and the present work has already reached its tenth thousand. Every young reader who wishes to know about the "great rebellion" should get hold of this book; it tells all about its origin, about the attack on Fort Sumter, and the leading events of the war down to General Burnside's expedition, in which the Island of Roanoke was captured. It will be followed by others till you have a complete history of the war. We heartily agree with the author in hoping he shall rally a grand corps of young readers, on whose flying banners will be inscribed, "Lovers of history—fact and not fiction."

THE YOUNG CRUSOE; or, Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy. A Story for Boys. By Dr. Harley. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 270. Same Publishers.—A delightfully-written story, and full of good lessons for the young.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES. Moscow. By Sarah W. Lander. 16mo. Pp. 202. The Same Publishers.—This is one of an admirable series of children's books, designed to be completed in twelve volumes, being descriptions of cities, accompanied with stories, adventures, and historical incidents. They are really "spectacles for young eyes," enabling the young reader to see home and foreign cities without the labor of travel, being written from intimate personal acquaintance with the localities described. They are largely illustrated and bound in bright colors. Indeed, we should say of all these books of Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., they are issued in the best styles of book-making.

LYRA AMERICANA; or, Verses of Praise and Faith, from American Poets. Selected and Arranged by the Rev. George T. Rider, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This is an-

other of those charming collections of sacred songs which the Messrs. Appleton are issuing in such beautiful style. It is uniform in size and binding with the *Lyra Anglicana*; with its tinted paper, antique type, green back, crimsoned edge, illuminated title-page, it is certainly a fine specimen of book-making; and its contents richly merit so fine a dress. As its name imports, it is a collection of sacred lyrics, one hundred and twenty-five in number, from our best American poets, embracing a large range of subjects in Christian faith and experience. We see the names of Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Whittier, Doane, Eastburn, Bethune, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Cary, and a host of others, indicating the catholic spirit which has presided over the compilation.

REAL AND IDEAL. By John W. Montclair. *Second Edition.* Broad 12mo. Pp. 119. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—Mr. Montclair makes his debut as a poet "unheralded—a pilgrim and a stranger," but we do not need to keep him company long to discover that we are in the presence of a real poet. The volume consists of a number of short poems, many of them full of delicate fancy and deep feeling. There are some translations from the old German, which evince the scholarship and skill of the translator. Lovers of good poetry we are sure will accept the author of "Real and Ideal" and crown him with the poet's wreath. The volume is issued in excellent style by the publishers.

THE YANKEE BOY FROM HOME. Anonymous. *Second Edition.* 12mo. Pp. 318. \$1.50. New York: James Miller. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—A young man adopting the plan of connecting the acquisition of foreign languages with an experience of foreign manners, spends somewhat more than two years residing and journeying in Europe, chiefly in France and Switzerland, and here quite graphically gives the record of his adventures and experiences. He writes and acts like Young America, and makes a book quite readable for young Americans at home.

MUSICAL LEAVES FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, *Composed of Musical Leaves Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, with an addi-*

tion of 100 Popular Hymns. By Philip Phillips. Cincinnati: Philip Phillips & Co., and Poe & Hitchcock.—These musical leaves are already widely known throughout the Sabbath schools of the country, having been issued in single numbers containing twenty gems each, being about enough to interest the scholars and secure the learning of them by the school. Now Mr. Phillips gathers the four numbers together, adds to them about a hundred hymns suitable for the Sabbath school, and appends some choice songs and music for patriotic, benevolent, and social occasions, and binds them all up in a volume of about a hundred pages. This is unquestionably the "music-book" for the Sabbath school; the poetry is almost entirely new, written by the best composers expressly for the Sabbath school; the music is carefully composed by the most popular writers, much of it expressly for this work; the songs all contain important Scripture lessons, and the book is admirably adapted in all its arrangements for practical use. We have heard many of the hymns and songs, some of them sung by Mr. Phillips himself, and they possess great beauty and power.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1. Essay and Letters on the Treatment of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and other diseases of the Nose, Throat, and Lungs, by Inhaling Medicated Air. By N. B. Wolfe, M. D. Cincinnati.

2. Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations. Part I. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

3. Westminster Review, January, 1865. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, January, 1865. The London Quarterly Review, January, 1865. American editions. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. Every American scholar ought to sustain these enterprising publishers of the British periodicals. The whole of them are offered at \$15 per year—periodicals which if ordered from England would now cost \$100.

4. The United States Service Magazine, February. New York: Charles B. Richardson.

5. Chambers's Encyclopedia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 85 and 86. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Editor's Study.

ESSAY—THE CHURCH AND HER CHILDREN.

NUMBER III.

THE Church must provide something more for her children than the Sabbath school, unless we extend the ordinary meaning of that term and enlarge the compass of that institution so as to embrace within it all the processes of the moral and religious culture of our children from childhood to manhood. It has probably occurred to most of us that there is a chasm in the process of the religious training of our children. At a suitable age we generally bring them forward and install them in the Sabbath school. Here for several years they remain, receiving its more or less perfected teachings and its more or less sanctifying in-

fluences. But the child eventually reaches an age when both he and his parents are apt to feel that he is outgrowing the Sabbath school, and his attendance upon that institution is allowed to terminate. And now succeeds a dangerous and often fatal intermission in the religious culture of the subject. It often happens that through the years during which the child has attended the Sabbath school the parents have ceased from nearly all efforts at home-culture, and now when this period is reached, the most important and critical, perhaps, in the whole life of the youth, he is free both from the discipline of home and from the instructions of the Church. It is true, they are now large enough to attend the public ministrations of the Church, and to a certain extent to appreciate

these services; but the term of personal religious tuition and of individual application of religious truth has passed.

The Church needs something to occupy and fill up this chasm. It is here that so many of our youths are lost to the Church, and it is in this very chasm, where they seem to be forgotten and lost sight of for a time, that so many sink to rise no more. We want some still further department into which to receive our children at this interesting age, when they seem to be trembling on the borders of a new life—when they are about “to put away childish things” and emerge into manhood. This is no mere ideal period, it is a true and real physiological era in the life of our children, and has its real exigencies and presents its real indications. In thousands of cases it is the turning-point for life or death; in all it is a period of both peril and hope. “God’s great battle for the souls of men is ordinarily fought between the ages of twelve and twenty.” How as a Church have we been meeting this great battle and been providing for these great wants? What institution or department have we hitherto had in our Church to meet the demands of this struggle for the souls of our children? Not the Sabbath school, for we speak of that period when our children feel that they are outgrowing this; not the class-room, for they are not specially invited or expected to enter that, unless already under deep religious influences, and if they were, the ordinary class meeting is not adapted to them; not the ordinary Sabbath day services, for these are not sufficiently direct and personal in their application to them; not sporadic efforts in *children’s revivals*, for, though we approve and welcome these, they are not sufficiently constant in their influence, and in thousands of instances fail of their object. The age of which we speak is one that trembles between the Sabbath school and the class meeting, and demands to meet its wants an intermediate department that combines the educational feature of the one with the experimental feature of the other—a department in which the religious education of the youth may be continued, and an opportunity may be had for testing and developing the beginnings of a religious experience that may become manifest in them.

The Church has long been aware of this desideratum, and for forty years at least has been laboring to supply it. As early as 1824 this subject engaged the earnest attention of the General Conference, when that body recognized and avowed all that is claimed with regard to the relations and privileges of our children, and accepted the full measure of its obligation to provide for the religious care and culture of the multitudes of children that had been gathered into the Church and congregations, or were connected with it as the children of its members. “Let all the preachers,” said our fathers, “faithfully enforce upon parents and Sunday school teachers the great importance of instructing children in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion. Let the preachers also publicly catechise the children in the Sunday school and at special meetings appointed for that purpose.” It was further provided that “it shall be the duty of the preachers to form Bible classes wherever they can for the instruction of larger children and youth, and

where they can not superintend them personally to appoint suitable leaders for that purpose. It shall be the duty of every preacher of a circuit or station to obtain the names of the children belonging to his congregations and leave a list of such names for his successor; and in his pastoral visits he shall pay special attention to the children, speaking to them personally and kindly on experimental and practical godliness, according to their capacity, pray earnestly for them, and diligently instruct and exhort all parents to dedicate their children to the Lord in baptism as early as convenient; and let all baptized children be faithfully instructed in the nature, privileges, and obligations of their baptism. Those of them who are well disposed may be admitted to our class meetings and love-feasts, and such as are truly serious and manifest a desire to flee the wrath to come shall be advised to join the society as probationers.”

All this, with important additions, the most recent of which we will notice hereafter, has been standing in our Discipline for forty years. Had these provisions been faithfully carried out in every circuit and station for the past forty years, how vast the influence it would have had upon the character and destinies of the Church! How many would have been prevented from growing up without any special ties of attachment or feelings of veneration for the Church, thus wandering away into the world or into other communions! But one important thing at least has been accomplishing during those forty years. The sentiment of the Church has been maturing, she has been constantly perceiving more clearly her duty in these respects, and preparing to enter still more seriously and wisely into the work of caring for her children. This growing sentiment met its highest expression in the action of the last General Conference, and our present Discipline, in what it provides for the children and what it prescribes as the duty of the Church, presents, perhaps, the very wisest and best adapted provisions to meet the special wants of our children at the age and in the circumstances of which we now write. What we now want, in addition to what we have had and have done, is a hearty acceptance on the part of the preachers and people of the measures enacted by the last General Conference, and a wise and judicious application of them in every Church.

As our Discipline now stands it plainly contemplates two branches of effort and two directions of interest in behalf of the children. In the section on “Sunday Schools and the Instruction of Children”—Part V, Section II—we have prescribed nearly the same duties as we have quoted above from the Discipline of 1824, such as special care of the Sunday schools, supervision of the books, preaching on the subject of Sunday schools, preaching to the children, formation of Bible-classes under the special care of the pastor if possible, special attention to the children in pastoral visits, etc., all contemplating the careful instruction of the children in the knowledge of the Bible and of the great truths, especially of the Gospel. Instruction here is the leading idea. But another and still more important series of provisions is presented to us in the section on “The Relation of Baptized Children to the Church.” Part I, Chapter II, Section II. After set-

ting the question that all young children are entitled to baptism, and especially such as can be subsequently brought under religious instruction and discipline, it then answers with sufficient definiteness for all practical purposes the much-agitated question, "What is the relation of baptized children to the Church?" "We regard all children who have been baptized," says the Discipline, "as placed in visible covenant relation to God, and under the special care and supervision of the Church." Then the practical question: "What shall be done for the baptized children of our Church?"

Answer 1. The preacher in charge shall preserve a full and accurate register of the names of all the baptized children within his pastoral care; the dates of their birth, baptism, their parentage, and places of residence.

2. At the age of ten years, or earlier, the preacher in charge shall organize the baptized children of the Church into classes, and appoint suitable leaders—male or female—whose duty it shall be to meet them in class once a week, and instruct them in the nature, design, and obligations of baptism, and the truths of religion necessary to make them "wise unto salvation;" urge them to give regular attendance upon the means of grace; advise, exhort, and encourage them to an immediate consecration of their hearts and lives to God, and inquire into the state of their religious experience; *provided* that children unbaptized are not to be excluded from these classes.

3. Whenever they shall have attained an age sufficient to understand the obligations of religion, and shall give evidence of a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins, their names may, with their consent, be enrolled on the list of probationers; and if they shall continue to give evidence of a principle and habit of piety, they may be admitted into full membership in our Church on the recommendation of a leader with whom they have met at least six months in class, by publicly assenting before the Church to the baptismal covenant, and also the usual questions on doctrines and discipline.

We have said the Discipline evidently contemplates two directions of interest in behalf of our youth; the first rather educational, the second more especially directed to the culture of the young heart and the development of a religious life. We might combine the two objects in one institution, and establish in the Church, as has already been extensively done in the Wesleyan connection, what may be called catechumen classes, and adapt them to the twofold object of continuing the religious education of their members, and of bringing out and maturing their religious experience. The indications of the Discipline, however, could be better met by two distinct departments. First, one designed specifically to continue the religious education of the young, and intended to retain further hold upon those who think they are of an age to justify them in retiring from the Sabbath school; a department furnishing to the young a more minute and comprehensive Bible education, bringing them more directly into contact with the great moral and doctrinal truths of the Word of God. We know not why such an institution may not and should not be formed in each of our Churches, and why pastors and parents should not urge upon the young the duty and

importance of attending such a class. We know not a few pastors, both of our own and other Churches, who have no difficulty in availing themselves of the social tendencies, as well as of the love of information found in the young, to gather them into such classes by scores, and fifties, and even hundreds. The beneficial results which might be expected to flow from such a department or from such a continuation of the Scriptural education of the young are easily conceived, not the least among which is the simple fact that the Church would still retain her hold on her youth, and their interest in the Church and the Word of God would be still continued.

But this would meet only part of the indications; we need still a sacred chamber into which to conduct those who give more or less manifestations of a religious life—a department into which we may receive those who are anxiously inquiring the way to God, and whose young hearts have been touched by the spirit and grace of God. Religious education is one thing, and of great moment, too, in the training of our children; but religious experience is still another thing, and still more important, and we ought to be prepared to meet this in its first manifestations in our children, and to receive and cherish the tender bud that it may bloom and ripen into a mature and strong piety. For this we want the youth's or children's class-room—not simply a place in each of our classes where the young may be received and may participate in the general routine of our class-meeting exercises, but a class meeting specifically designed for them. It should be a class meeting placed wherever practicable under the immediate care of the pastor, and in which he may be brought into immediate contact with the lambs of his flock, and where he may watch over and train into a mature piety the budding of a religious life which may be discovered to have sprung up in that fresh and fertile soil. Let these baptized children or members of these children's classes be recognized as *infant* or *juvenile* candidates for full or adult membership in the Church, and when they have reached a proper age and development in knowledge and experience so as to appreciate the important step about to be taken, let them be enrolled as probationers for adult membership, be admitted to the regular classes, to the Lord's Supper, and the means of grace, and in due time, taking upon themselves the baptismal covenant, answering the usual questions on doctrines and discipline, and giving "evidence of a principle and habit of piety let them be admitted to full membership in the Church."

What numbers of our children might be gathered into the Church by the faithful application of these methods and processes! And what strength of piety and maturity of character might we expect in such members! Coming forth from the Sabbath school and the Bible-class, and from the long and careful heart-training of the children's class, we might look for a race of strong men and women in the future temple of the Lord, each one ready to do good service, to endure hardness as a good soldier, and to give to every one that should ask a reason for the hope that is in them. There would be giants in those days, or, better still, there would be Timothys, knowing the Scriptures from their youth up.

Editor's Table.

LADY RACHAEL RUSSELL.—We had not intended to introduce the portrait of this excellent lady into the present number; we discovered, however, when well advanced in the "making up" of the contents, that the plate we had thought of using would not be completed in time. This has crowded our brief notice into the Editor's Table. We had not designed giving an extensive memoir, not because our subject is not eminently worthy of it, but because very recently our publishers in New York issued that admirable little book from the pen of M. Guizot, entitled, "Love in Marriage," which is a most excellent portraiture of the life and character of Lady Russell, and which we feel ought to find its way into every family into which the Repository enters. From it we select the few items that we here present.

Rachael Wriothesley was the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and was born in the year 1636. Her father had married Rachael de Ruigny, a French lady, a descendant of one of those noble families who, in the sixteenth century, had embraced the cause of the Reformation, though feeble and persecuted from its cradle. Rachael bore her mother's name, and by her was educated in the English and French traditions of virtue and piety; she received, besides, from the events in which her youth was passed, those strong moral impressions which never fail to elevate souls who are not crushed beneath their weight. She early learned to sympathize deeply with the misfortunes of others, and to endure afflictions patiently. Her mother died while Rachael was yet young, and her father married a second time; but he preserved the tenderest affection for the two daughters of his first wife, and Rachael fondly loved and respected him. At the time when she passed from childhood to youth she lived far from the world, in the country, in those habits of tranquillity, dignity, and simplicity, social elevation and popular benevolence, which are the best honor of a Christian aristocracy. In 1653, at seventeen years of age, she was beautiful, pious, and vivacious, without excess or want of imagination, disposed to enjoy life peaceably, receiving benefits as mercies, and adversities as lessons from the hand of God. At this time Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carbury, asked her hand in marriage. Of this marriage she said it was one of those unions which was rather accepted than chosen by either party. Yet in her new home she most successfully fulfilled all her duties as woman and wife. Fourteen years thus flowed on in virtuous and modest happiness, during which, by her gentle virtues, agreeable disposition, and her perfect and constant kindness, she inspired the liveliest affection of all around her. In 1667 she was a widow, and retired to reside with her sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, in the castle of their father, where their infancy had been spent. At Lord Southampton's death he left all his fortune to his two daughters.

About the time of Lady Vaughan's bereavement, William Russell, the second son of the Earl of Bedford,

a young man, three years younger than Lady Rachael, made his *début* in society and in public life. A short period before the Restoration he was elected a member of the House of Commons which placed Charles II upon the throne. From a youth characterized by impetuosity and irregularities, he rapidly developed into a manhood of great moral excellence, and into a patriot of the purest and noblest order. William Russell was charmed with the beautiful widow. Lady Vaughan was a rich heiress; Russell was a younger son and had neither title nor fortune to offer her; but they loved, and allowed no worldly considerations long to separate them. They were married in the beginning of the year 1670, but Lady Vaughan retained her title till 1678, when, by the death of his elder brother, William Russell became the heir of his house, and took the title of Lord Russell. For thirteen years their union presented a most charming example of a pure and happy affection. Lady Rachael gave herself up to her new felicity with full liberty and confidence; she loved her husband as ardently as innocently, and she was perfectly happy. It is in this beautiful character of wifely love and devotion that M. Guizot presents Lady Russell as eminently exemplary. Of her own love and happiness she writes, "If I were more fortunate in my expression I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do to merit so desirable a blessing; but my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honor, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to."

Besides and above this love so deep and tender, there was another sentiment which sanctified it, and which strengthened her during her days of happiness for the day of trial. She was a Christian, a true Christian in mind and heart, full of faith in Christian doctrines and submission to Christian precepts. This faith was preparing her with a strong but humble trust, while she was perfectly contented and happy with her earthly lot, to accept from the hand of God the terrible blow of which she sometimes seemed to have a presentiment.

Very nearly in the same time in which Lord Russell married Lady Vaughan he first engaged actively in the party of the country against the Court. Of a benevolent and generous heart, of an elevated mind, though with little breadth of penetration, and with a character more obstinate than strong, he was easily influenced, governed, or deceived when his inclinations led him. He soon became one of the most zealous opponents of the Court, and the moral ornament as well as the political leader of his party. Always ready to sacrifice himself, for eleven years in the House of Commons he took the defense, and often the initiative of

the most extreme measures of the opposition, among others of the bill prepared to exclude the Duke of York, as a Papist, from the succession to the Crown. The time at last arrived when the King and the Parliament could no longer exist together. Thus driven to extremity, the King decided to attempt tyranny and the national party insurrection. At the moment of the crisis, in 1681, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Russell were at the head of the Cabinet. Shaftesbury was already old and as ambitious as he was corrupt; Russell was still young, sincere, ardent, and inexperienced. They led the conspiracy against the King; armed resistance to the royal tyranny was proposed, and even a sudden attack and the assassination of Charles II. While the conspirators were generally united, some among them were traitors, already bought by the Court. They were betrayed, and Lord Russell was arrested and sent to the Tower.

From the moment of her husband's arrest, Lady Russell consecrated herself, with an ardor as intelligent as it was firm and passionate, to every measure which might be of service to him. During the fifteen days between his arrest and the sentence, she went, and came, and wrote incessantly, collecting instructions, sustaining the courage of alarmed friends, exciting the interest of the indifferent, and seeking all possible means of assistance. On the 13th of July, 1683, the debate opened; the hall was crowded with spectators. Lord Russell asked for pen, ink, and paper to take notes; they were given him. "May I have somebody write, to help my memory?" "Yes, my lord, any of your servants." "My wife is here, my lord, to do it." Lady Russell rose to express her assent, and a thrill of emotion ran through the entire assembly. "If my lady please to give herself the trouble," said the chief justice; and during the entire debate she was by her husband's side, his only secretary, and his most vigilant counselor. He was condemned; but even then the activity of Lady Russell did not fail. Every possible effort was made to save the life of her husband, till Lord Russell himself said, "I should wish that my wife would give over beating every bush, and running hither and thither to save me; but when I consider it will be some mitigation of her sorrow afterward to reflect that she has left nothing undone, I acquiesce."

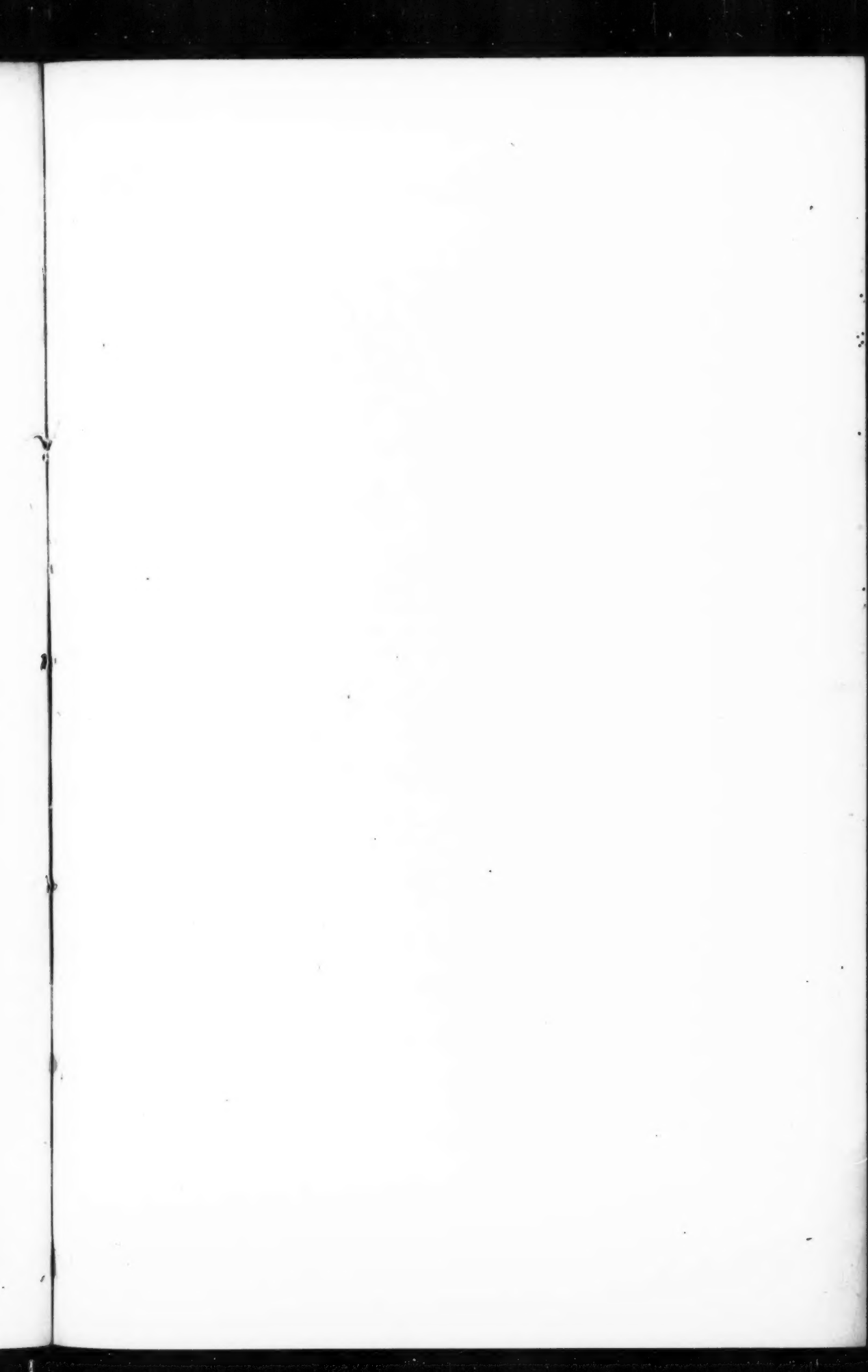
The fatal day approached. She spent the last afternoon and evening with him. "Stay and sup with me," said he; "let us take our last earthly food together." Toward 10 o'clock he rose, took her by the hand, embraced her four or five times, while both remained silent and trembling, their eyes filled with tears which did not fall. She departed. "Now," said he, "the bitterness of death is past;" and abandoning himself to his emotions he exclaimed, "What a blessing she has been to me! What would have been my misery if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired me to do a base thing to save my life. God has granted me a signal providence in giving me such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to me; but her carriage in this extremity is beyond all! It is a great comfort to me to leave my children in the hands of such a mother; she has promised to take care of herself for their sake, and she will do it."

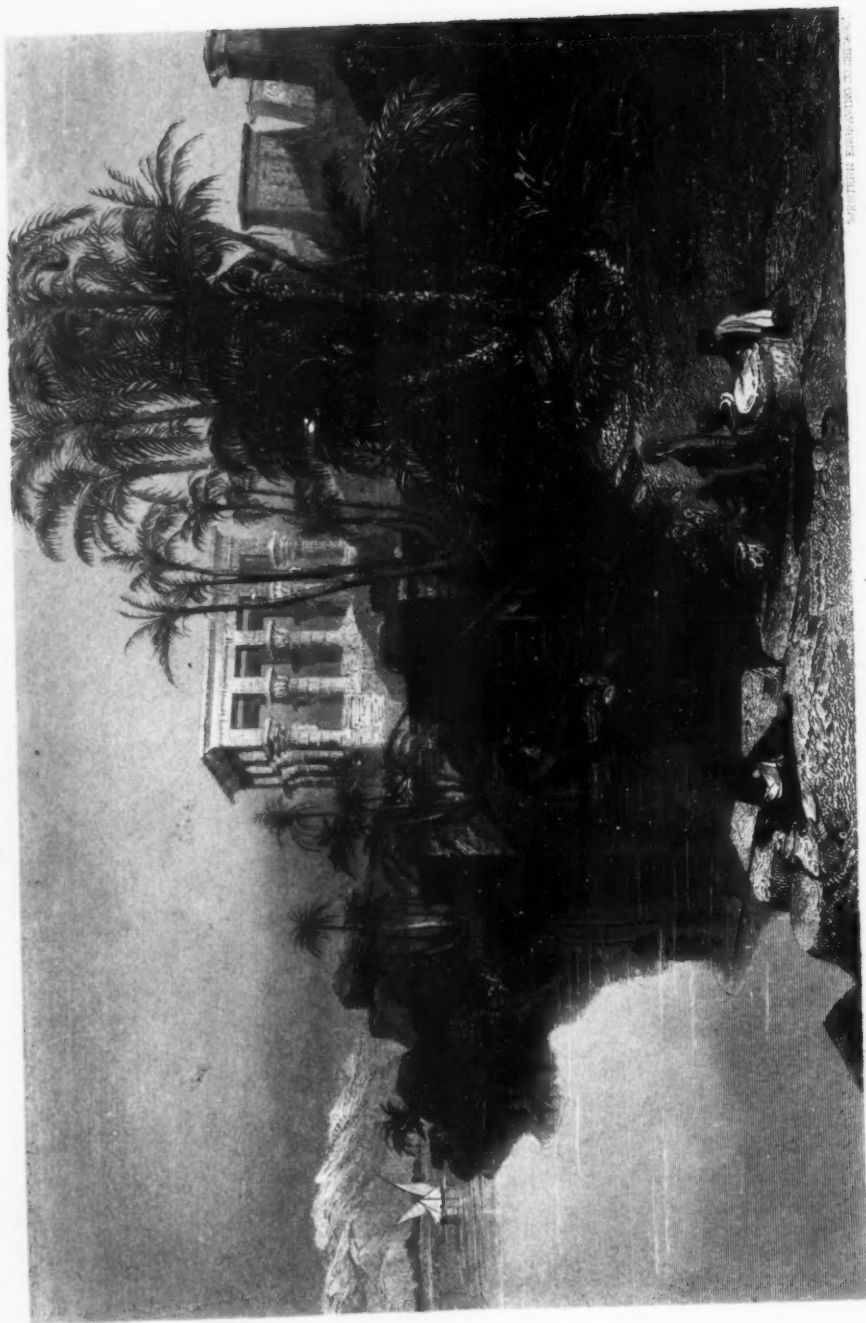
The next day Lady Russell was again a widow, with her three children, two daughters of nine and seven years, and a son of three. For forty years Lady Russell kept her promise, preserving fresh in her affections the memory of her departed husband, and discharging with the tenderest love and most indefatigable care and fidelity her duty as a mother. Her three children she saw honorably and happily married; two of them, her son and youngest daughter, she saw quietly laid to rest in Christian graves, and on the 29th of September, 1723, at the ripe age of eighty-six she died with a hope full of immortality.

DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.—Mr. Robert A. West, who has contributed a number of valuable articles to our pages, died at the city of Washington on the 1st of February. He was a native of England, and emigrated to this country early in life. He became connected with the Commercial Advertiser of New York city many years ago, and continued its editor till June, 1863, when he removed to Washington and took charge of the Chronicle of that city. About a year since he was appointed head of the Bureau of Military Justice in the office of the Judge Advocate-General. Mr. West was for a long series of years an active and influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Just before his decease he was making arrangements to issue in book form the interesting "Letters to my Daughter," published in the Repository.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—We have adopted the method of acknowledging the articles we receive and of promptly disposing of them by either accepting or rejecting them; this we have done chiefly to let our contributors know what disposition is made of their articles; we find one difficulty growing out of it, and that is an accumulation of really good matter beyond the capacity of our pages, and we must keep reminding our contributors that in accepting articles we give no pledge to insert them at any particular time, and even after accepting them it may be a long time before we can use them. The writers, however, have the satisfaction of knowing three things: first, that we approve their articles; secondly, that they are kept on hand and not destroyed; and, thirdly, that whenever opportunity offers they will be used. It would be well also for our contributors to bear in mind that we work so far in advance of the time of issuing our numbers, that under the most favorable circumstances an article can hardly appear earlier than in the number for the second month after we receive the article. The following articles we place on file: The Last of the Leighs; That Strange Experience; Nearer and Closer Still to Thee; Klopstock; Life's Evening Gray; Did I not Invite Thee; Night Journey to Naples; Alfred Tennyson; Evelyn Lee; Beauty's Influence; The Yeoman's Wife; Genesis and Geology; The Bird's Nest; The Old Deserted Hall; In the Twilight; Thoughts on Death; Spring Song; Flowers for the Grave; Alone; If we Knew; My Prayer; Tired; Weary; and the Three Eras.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The Importance of Conveying to the Minds of Youth, etc.; Die Then; My Childhood's Home; Baby; The Path of the Just; California, To a Poetess; Passing Away; The Curl of Auburn Hair; Then and Now; My Ideal; A Kiss; Spring Thoughts; Song of the Leaves; and Comfort.





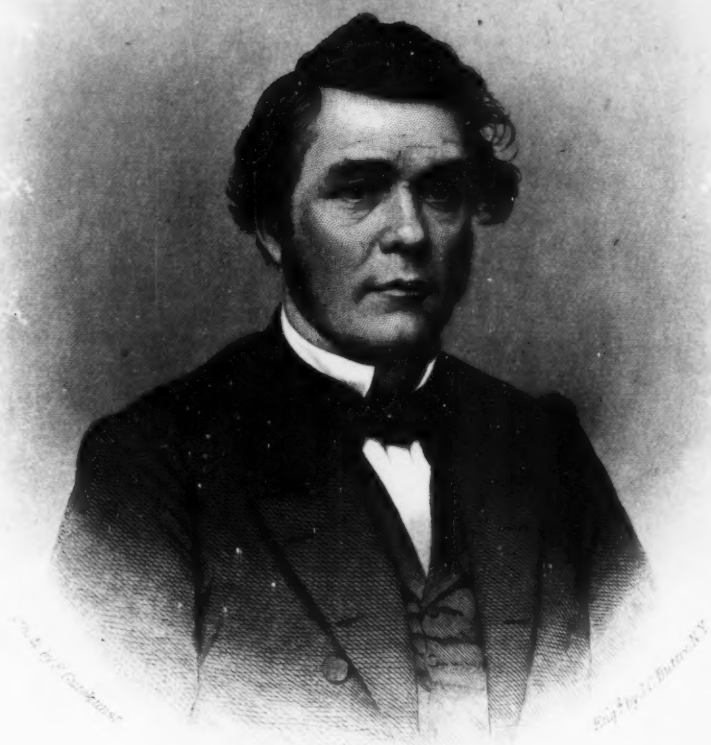
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REV. CALVIN KINGSLEY, D.D.

ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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